AP
2
.L25

A. D. Watterson 3-6

c. 3

The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

OCTOBER 1867.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. VI. OCTOBER, 1867. Vol. III.

CONTENTS.

Recollections of Fredericksburg from 29th April to 6th May, 1863, By Benj. J. Humphreys, of Mississippi....443
Poor Carlotta, By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Lexington, Va...460
Horace and Juvenal, By Ex-Senator Wall, Burlington, N. J.462
The True Alchemy, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, Charlotte, N. C.469
Tears—Idle Tears, By Col. J. T. L. Preston, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia.....470
The Southern Exile, By Prof. S. H. Dickson, Jefferson College, Philadelphia.....475
Educational Interests of the South, By Wm. J. Sykes, Columbus, Mississippi.....476
Song, By Paul H. Hayne, Augusta, Ga.....478
Perfect Through Suffering, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, of Charlotte, North Carolina.....479
Nut-Bearing Trees, By a Contributor.....492
Mary Ashburton, —— Skipton, Maryland.....499
Mizpah, By Phœnix.....503
Southern Homesteads, "Eyre Hall," By Fanny Fielding...504
Personal Recollections of Eminent Men, By a Virginia Matron.....512

NOTICE.

YOUR subscription to the LAND WE LOVE expires with the present number. We have found by experience, that owing to our very extended circulation, we can carry on our work only by the CASH SYSTEM, and have adopted it altogether; therefore we respectfully request that if you desire the magazine continued, you remit the subscription price (THREE DOLLARS) either by Express, Check, Post Office Money Order, or in a *Registered Letter*.

Charlotte is a P. O. Money Order Office.

If you can procure a few other subscribers and wish to remit as much as $10, it can be done by Express at our expense.

We hope to improve the magazine before the close of the year, and add to it in size.

There is in process of execution for us, a fine steel engraving of the little daughter of Stonewall Jackson, which will appear as soon as completed.

Hoping you will continue your support by renewing your subscription at your earliest convenience, we remain,

Yours, respectfully,

HILL, IRWIN & CO.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., 1867.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. VI. OCTOBER, 1867. Vol. III.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERICKSBURG, FROM THE MORNING OF THE 29TH OF APRIL TO THE 6TH OF MAY, 1863.

BY BENJ. G. HUMPHREYS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI,
APRIL 2, 1867.

COLONEL POWER:

As Superintendent of the Army Records of Mississippi, you will excuse me for addressing you.

I have just read Dabney's Life of Stonewall Jackson, and the "Lost Cause," by Pollard.

In these contributions to history, I admired and excused the devotion, and partiality of Dabney for his illustrious Chief—and I was entertained by the brilliant fancy of Pollard. They are both chaste and polished writers, and when they have prosecuted their historical researches, and learned, what others believe to be true, that the troops of other States fought well, if not as well as the Virginians, their books will doubtless receive a hearty welcome to the parlors and libraries of the South—and be cherished as valuable vindications of her noble sons, in their glorious struggle for freedom.

After the surrender, finding that all the Confederate Records had passed into Federal hands, and feeling it to be the duty of every participant in our struggle for independence, to place on record his recollections of what he witnessed, I committed to writing, in the summer of 1865, my recollections of the men and events that came under my own observations. These recollections I did not design for publication, but unwilling that history shall be poisoned by errors that affect the high character of the soldiers of Mississippi and Louisiana, I place my "Recollections of Fredericksburg from 28th of April to 6th of May, 1863," at your disposal. If the narrative is true—

and I believe every participant that remains of Barksdale's brigade, and the Washington Artillery, will verify its substantial accuracy—I am constrained to believe these distinguished authors will correct errors that must grate harshly upon the jealous pride we all feel in the honor and glory of the troops of the Southern Confederacy. On page 703, Dabney says: "The sequel of the campaign of Chancellorsville may now be related in a few words—while the great struggle was raging there, General Sedgwick retired to the north bank of the Rappahannock, and laying down his bridges again opposite to Fredericksburg, on Sunday morning crossed into the town, and with one corps captured Marye's Hill, by a surprise." Again—"General Lee was now at liberty to send a part of his force to meet Sedgwick, so that on Monday he found himself confronted and arrested in his march by his troops—while General Early recaptured Marye's Hill, and cut off his retreat towards Fredericksburg."—On page 375-6, Pollard, by implication, sustains Dabney, but falls into another error by saying: "The Hill was flanked, and its brave defenders, who had held it against three assaults, were cut off from their supports and compelled to surrender." It is well known that the troops to whom was assigned the duty of guarding the Rappahannock and holding Marye's Hill, were Barksdale's brigade, of Mississippi, and a portion of four companies of the Washington Artillery, of Louisiana, and a portion of Parker's battery of Virginians—about 1,500 muskets, and eight cannon, all told—with orders to hold Marye's Hill at all hazards. In what sense can it be said that the Hill was taken by "surprise"—or "flanked"—or the troops "cut off and surrendered?" To be taken by surprise implies a want of watchfulness and vigilance, and a failure to make proper use of the means at command to acquire information of the movements of the enemy, and to make proper and adequate dispositions to meet or evade his advances.—What vigilance was wanting?—What means neglected to ascertain the enemy's movements?—What dispositions of means at command, that were not resorted to, to meet or evade the enemy's power—except to disobey orders and disgracefully run? None whatever. The enemy had been watched by Barksdale's brigade from 17th of December, 1862, and took no step forward or backward from the time he crossed the Rappahannock on the night of 28th April, 1863, until he passed over Marye's Hill on the 3d of May, that was not observed by Barksdale's pickets. He gained not one inch of ground, that obstinate resistance and heroic daring could prevent. There was no surprise in any military sense, or to the mind of any military man, except the Federals at our weakness in numbers. No flanking—no cutting off from supports—no surrendering, except by individual soldiers at the point of the bayonet, when captured bravely fighting in the trenches. It was the slow, but steady, direct, onward

and persistent movement, and the hard fighting of brave and veteran troops, that charged and overwhelmed our lines, and by storm carried and captured Marye's Hill. We cannot deny that we were fairly and fully vanquished and whipped, and whatever may have been the opinion of the Southern people before the war, none should now be surprised that eighteen or twenty thousand Yankees overwhelmed and whipped fifteen hundred Mississippians and two hundred Louisianians and Virginians—even at Marye's Hill.

The whole story of the 3d of May, 1863, at Marye's Hill was fully told, though not amiably or piously expressed, by a noble son of Louisiana, who gallantly stood by his gun on the Hill, until the last hope of holding it had vanished. Passing to the rear by some artillerists belonging to Pendleton's train, with his face covered with sweat, and blackened with powder, and his heart saddened by defeat, he was asked—"Where are your guns?" He replied, with irritation: "Guns, be d——d! I reckon now the people of the Southern Confederacy are satisfied that Barksdale's brigade and the Washington Artillery can't whip the whole d——d Yankee army."

The magnitude of the Confederate struggle for independence is made manifest by the necessity that requires Southern authors, in their relation of the mighty contest, to limit their notice of this affair—that cost the Confederates as many men as Taylor lost at Buena Vista, and more than Jackson at New Orleans, or Washington at Yorktown—and can afford time and space only to "relate in a few words" that Marye's Hill "was captured by a surprise"—that "the Hill was flanked, and the troops cut off from their supports and compelled to surrender."

To dignify the taking possession of Marye's Hill by saying that "Gen. Early recaptured Marye's Hill" on the 4th of May, when there was no enemy on it, and no gun fired, must be intended only as a "sarcastic surmise," as it is well remembered, that if "recaptured" at all, it was by the ladies of Fredericksburg (God bless them,) who were found there quietly searching for wounded Mississippians, by the "Yankee Hunter," E. L. J. Roberts, of Company K, twenty-first regiment, who had piloted Captain Harris Barksdale, of General Barksdale's staff, and Lieutenant Ramsear, of Company B, seventeenth regiment, with a half dozen of Barksdale's pickets, in advance of Gen. Gordon's brigade of Early's division.

BENJ. G. HUMPHREYS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FREDERICKSBURG, FROM THE MORNING OF THE 29TH OF APRIL, TO THE 6TH OF MAY, 1863.

* * * * During the winter of 1862-'63, General Burnside had been superceded by "Fighting Joe Hooker," who was making gigantic preparations just across the Rappahannock for the fourth "On to Richmond," and boasted that he had the "finest army on the planet," and would soon "pulverize the rebellion."

General Lee was not idle. Though cramped by his limited means and resources, both in men and appliances of war, he stood firm and unawed by the mighty hosts that confronted him.

During the night of the 20th of April, the Federals attacked some North Carolina pickets, drove off their reserves, laid down pontoon bridges, and crossed the river below Deep Run, near the Bernard House. The alarm was soon conveyed to Barksdale's pickets at Fernahough's House. The "long roll" and the alarm bell at Fredericksburg soon brought Barksdale's brigade into line.—During that day General Lee ascertained, through Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, that General Hooker was moving his main army to cross the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and fall upon his left flank and rear through the Wilderness. General Lee immediately moved his main force and confronted him at Chancellorsville, on the 1st of May. Gen. Early's division was left at Hamilton's Station to watch the Federal General Sedgwick, who was left in command of thirty thousand troops in front of Fredericksburg. Barksdale's brigade was left at Fredericksburg to picket the Rappahannock from the reservoir above Falmouth to Fernahough House, below Fredericksburg, a distance of three miles.

Sedgwick lay quietly in our front, and contented himself with fortifying his position below Deep Run until the 2d day of May, when he commenced recrossing his troops at Deep Run, and moving over the Stafford Heights, in full view, up the river, doubtless with the view of deceiving us into the belief that he was withdrawing from our front, and going to the support of Hooker at Chancellorsville, by the way of U. S. Ford. The heavy artillery and musketry firing in that direction, told but too plainly that a terrible battle was raging there. About the middle of the forenoon, Barksdale, in obedience to orders from General Early, moved off with his brigade on the Spottsylvania Court House road to reinforce General Lee at Chancellorsville, leaving the twenty-first regiment to picket the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, the entire distance of three miles. The pickets of the thirteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth regiments were relieved by the twenty-first, and the brigade moved off in full view of the enemy. The only instructions I received from Gen. Barksdale, was "watch your flanks, hold the picket line as long as you can, then fall back along the Spottsylvania Court House road, and *hunt for your brigade.*" I cannot well describe my feelings when I found my regiment thus left alone, stretched out three miles long, with only a small river between us and thirty thousand well armed and hostile men, purposely displayed, to magnify their numbers, on Stafford's Heights with balloons and signal corps, observing and reporting our weakness. The mass of the citizens of Fredericksburg were patriotically devoted to our cause, yet I knew that some of the citizens were unfriendly to us, ready and willing to betray us. My

nerves were not much strengthened by a message I received from the facetious Col. Holder, of the seventeenth regiment, as the brigade marched off: "Tell the Colonel farewell; the next time I hear from him will be from Johnson's Island." Of course every man in the twenty-first regiment felt his loneliness and danger, and was on the *qui vive*, watching front, flank and rear, with his gun loaded, his knapsack on his back, and rations in his haversack.

Immediately after the brigade disappeared behind Marye's Hill, my pickets at Fernahough House reported the enemy preparing to advance from Deep Run. From the cupola of the Slaughter House I could see the enemy's lines pouring over the pontoon bridges below Deep Run, and moving towards our side of the river. I was now satisfied that the enemy's movement up the opposite side of the river in the morning was a feint; that an advance would be made on Fredericksburg; and that our sojourn in that city would soon be terminated.—The enemy's pickets soon advanced from Deep Run, drove General Early's pickets back to the railroad, and moved up the turnpike towards Fredericksburg. I immediately threw back the right of my picket line, composed of company E, under Lieutenant McNeely, of Wilkinson county, and company G, under Lieut. Mills, of Leak county, and established it from the gas house up Hazel Run to the railroad, with videttes along the railroad towards Hamilton Station, connecting with General Early's pickets. The enemy's pickets continued to advance and engaged my pickets, but not being supported by a line of infantry, failed to drive them from their position. It was now dark. Helpless and alone, the twenty-first regiment, with 400 muskets, was facing and resisting 30,000 veterans. Of course we could not hold the city if the enemy advanced. We were ordered to "hold the city until *forced* out of it." If the enemy contented himself with *amusing* us in front, there was nothing to prevent him from flanking the city during the night and placing it in his rear, and the twenty-first regiment in the condition of "rats in a rat trap,"—nothing but the necessity that required him to lay down his pontoons that night in front of the city. This we could prevent unless driven from our rifle pits; hence I was momentarily expecting a charge that would drive us from the city, or relieve me of my sword, and start me on my journey to Johnson's Island. I instructed the pickets—if forced—to fall back to the railroad, and hold that line until the pickets on the river between the railroad and the canal could retire through the city, and all to retire towards Marye's Hill, holding the enemy in check as best they could.—Shortly after dark a courier summoned me to report to Gen. Harry Hays at Marye's Hill for instructions. He informed me that Hays' brigade was in the trenches on Marye's Hill, and that Barksdale's brigade, and the Washington Artillery, were returning to Fredericksburg. This news

rolled off a mighty load from our watchful and wearied souls, and filled our hearts with joy and gladness. Instantly each man felt as big and as brave as "little David" confronting "big Goliah." Not a few compliments were paid to our returning friends, and General Lee, by our boys, as the glad tidings passed down the picket lines. "Bully for Barksdale!" "bully for Hays!" "bully for the Washington Artillery!" "bully for old Bob!" was shouted from a hundred throats. "Old Bob's head is level," cried one, "old Bob will show Hooker that he still holds his trump card!" "Yes, old Bob has given the Yankees hell at Chancellorsville, and is coming to give them hell again at Fredericksburg," cried still another.

I lost no time in reporting to General Hays, and found General Barksdale with him at Marye's Hill. I informed him of the situation at Hazel Run, and my instructions to the pickets, which were approved, and I was instructed to carry them out. Gens. Hays and Barksdale seemed to doubt whether Gen. Early intended to hold Marye's Hill; and left to have an interview with him at Hamilton Station, and to receive his orders. I returned to the city to superintend the picket line at Hazel Run, where there was a desultory firing kept up from both sides. Sedgwick seemed to hesitate, and advanced with great caution and circumspection.—Whether it was from observing the innumerable bivouac fires Barksdale had kindled on Lee's Hill to signalize his arrival and magnify his numbers—whether it was the confused and startling stories borne to him from Chancellorsville by Hooker's wires concerning the fiery charges of Stonewall Jackson—Slocum's routed column, and Howard's flying Dutchman—or whether it was the stench of Lee's "slaughter pens" at Marye's Hill that annoyed his nostrils and weakened his stomach, the Rebels could only "reckon"—leaving the Yankees to "guess."

About midnight I went to Barksdale's bivouac on Lee's Hill to learn the result of his consultation with Gen. Early. I found him wrapped in his war blanket laying at the root of a tree. "Are you asleep, General?" "No sir, who could sleep with a million of armed Yankees all around him?" he answered gruffly. He then informed me that it was determined by Gen. Early to hold Marye's Hill at all hazards; but that his brigade and a portion of the Washington Artillery had to do it. That General Early was confident that the advance from Deep Run towards Fredericksburg was a feint—that the real attack would be at Hamilton Station, and that Hay's brigade had been ordered back to that place. Barksdale then instructed me when the 21st regiment was forced to retire from the city to occupy the trenches from Marye's Hill across the plank road towards Taylor's Hill. The 18th regiment under Col. Griffin was ordered to occupy the road behind the stone wall at the foot of Marye's Hill. The 17th and 13th regiments from the Howison Hill to the Howison House, and

one of Hays' regiments still further to the right. The Washington Artillery to occupy the various redoubts along the Hill. I told him that if the real attack was made at Marye's Hill, he did not have men enough to hold it. He replied with emphasis: "well sir, we must make the fight whether we hold it or are whipped." I saw he was displeased with Early's arrangement and I returned to the city to await events. About 2 o'clock a small rocket was seen by Lieut. Denman, of company G., 21st regiment, thrown from the top of a building in the city, and immediately three signal guns were fired from the Lacy House, opposite the city. Soon afterwards the pickets of company F. discovered a party of pontooneers approach stealthily to the point above the Lacy House, (where the upper pontoon was laid on the night of the 11th of December, 1862,) and commenced laying down pontoons. Captain Fitzgerald opened fire on them and drove them off; but drew down upon his brave Tallahatchians a shower of shell and shrapnell from the Stafford Heights; at the same time a line of the enemy's infantry charged across Hazel Run upon company E. and company G. Our brave boys gallantly struggled against the overwhelming odds, but were driven back to the railroad. Finding further resistance impossible, I ordered the pickets on the river, below the canal, to fall back through the city as the enemy advanced to Marye's Hill. I then crossed the canal at the factory; destroyed the bridge at that point, and withdrew the pickets from the river above, and retired across the canal by the two bridges at the foot of Taylor's Hill. A party was left to destroy the two bridges, but the enemy had crossed at Falmouth and followed us so close that the party was driven off just as they had stripped off the plank, without destroying the frame work. I arrived at Marye's Hill before day-light and found that portion of my regiment that retired through the city safe in the trenches to the left of the hill, having sustained a small loss.—Just then I received orders from Gen. Barksdale to report my regiment to him on Lee's Hill. I moved immediately, and when I reported to him he seemed much chagrined at the mistake made in transmitting his orders, and ordered me to move back rapidly to the position assigned me as the enemy was advancing. I moved back double quick all the way. As I crossed Marye's Hill, in rear of Marye's House, I saw the enemy's line advancing to charge the 18th regiment behind the stone wall. A heavy artillery fire was directed at the 21st regiment, but we gained our position, with only a few wounded, among whom was that noble soldier and gentleman, Lieutenant Martin A. Martin, of Sunflower county, who was never able afterwards to rejoin his company. The 18th regiment, and the artillery, repulsed, with great slaughter, that, and two other charges made in rapid succession, with small loss to our side. In the meantime Colonel Walton, of New Orleans, had placed one section of 1st company of Washing-

ton Artillery, (two guns,) under Capt. Squeirs, in the same redoubts occupied by them on the ever memorable 13th of December, 1862. One gun of the 3rd company, Capt. Miller, was placed in position near the plank road, and two guns belonging to the 4th company, under Lieut. Norcum, were placed in position near the extreme left of the 21st regiment, between the plank road and Taylor's Hill. The 2d company, under Captain Richardson, was posted near the railroad on our right; Frazier battery and Carlton battery in rear of Howison House on Lee's Hill. One gun of Parker battery was posted on the point known as Willis' Hill, under the command of Lieut. Brown. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, the fog lifted so as to reveal the heavy masses of the enemy, that had crossed at the various pontoon bridges, laid down during the night. His troops could be seen in every portion of the city; and his lines stretching off down the turnpike for a mile below the Bernard House. The position of the enemy seemed to justify the suspicions of Gen. Early, that the real attack would be made at Hamilton Station, and that the attack at Marye's Hill was only a feint and a feeler. Soon, however, the enemy's line could be seen moving up toward the city. At the same time a column was discovered moving from the city up the river towards Taylor's Hill. I sent a courier to Gen. Barksdale, then on Lee's Hill, and he to Gen. Early, then at Hamilton Station, informing him of these movements of the enemy. To my mind it was now clear that Marye's Hill was to be the point attacked by the whole force of the enemy. From my observations of the topography of the country around Fredericksburg, I had long before regarded Marye's Hill as the weakest and most vulnerable position along the whole line occupied by Gen. Lee, on the 13th December, 1862, for the simple reason, that it is not only a salient, but is the only point on that whole line, that a line of infantry can be massed and masked within one thousand yards of the hills. At that point a line of infantry can be massed and masked, in the valley between the city and the Hill, within 450 yards, and at the railroad cut and embankment within 600 yards of the Hill. It was the part of wisdom in Burnside to attack at that point. It is true he failed, but he would have failed at any other point. Gen. Lee had a dozen other "slaughter pens" along his line, that would have proved more disastrous than Marye's Hill. Besides, Marye's Hill, on the 3d of May, 1863, was a weaker position to defend than it was on the 13th of December, for the reason, that the out-houses, plank fences, orchards and other obstacles to a charge that existed at that time were all removed or destroyed by the army, during the winter, and nothing remained on the open plain to break the lines of an assaulting column. I could not doubt that the same acumen that prompted Burnside to attack that point, would lead Sedgwick to renew it. I sent, at the request of Col. Griffin, who realized his perilous situation, three

companies from the 21st regiment —Company F, under the command of Captain Fitzgerald, company C, under command of Captain G. W. Wall, and company L, under the command of Captain Vosberg, to reinforce the eighteenth. Gen. Barksdale applied to General Pendleton, who had control of a large train of artillery on the telegraph road on Lee's Hill, not a mile off and not in position, to send a battery to Taylor's Hill to command the two bridges that spanned the canal. Instead of sending a battery from his train that lay idle during the whole engagement, he ordered a section of the Washington Artillery from the redoubt on the plank road, where it was needed. Barksdale also applied to Gen. Early to reinforce Colonel Griffin, but received none. Gen. Hays* was sent to Taylor's Hill with three regiments of his brigade. These three regiments and the section of Washington Artillery behaved nobly, and drove back the column that advanced against Taylor's Hill, if indeed the movement of this column was not a feint to draw off troops from Marye's Hill. While these movements were going on the Federal General sent a flag of truce to Colonel Griffin for the humane (?) purpose of removing his wounded, that had fallen in the assaults made in the morning. With that generous chivalry characteristic of that battle-scarred veteran—not suspecting a "Yankee trick"—this truce was granted, and the enemy, with one eye on their wounded and the other on our trenches, discovered that our redoubts were nearly stripped of their guns, and our infantry of the 18th regiment stretched out to less than a single rank along the line, defended by Cobb's and Kershaw's brigades, and 32 guns, on the 13th of December, 1862.

The discovery emboldened him, and as the last wounded Federal was taken from the field, a concentrated fire from 30 or 40 pieces of artillery, posted in the city and on Stafford Heights, was directed at Marye's Hill, and three columns of infantry seemed to rise out of the earth, and rushed forward with demoniac shouts and yells. One from a valley in front of Marye's Hill, one from the city on the plank road, and one up the valley of Hazel Run. The 21st regiment and Miller's gun repulsed the column on the plank road, and drove it back twice.—The right wing of the 18th regiment, the two guns of the 1st company, and Parker's gun on Willis' Hill, drove back the column that advanced up Hazel Run. The centre column that advanced from the valley, directly in front of Marye's Hill, moved steadily forward until it passed the point where it could be reached by Miller's gun, and proved too much for the left wing of the 18th regiment and three companies of the 21st regiment, and by an impetuous charge broke through the battle-worn ranks of the ever glorious 18th, and overwhelmed the line at the stone fence, by jumping into the sunken road, and bayoneted and shot down many of our boys, after they surrendered. Col. T. M. Griffin, of

Madison county, Lieut. Col. W. Henry Luse, of Yazoo county, and Lieut. J. Clark, of Jackson, were captured; Major J. C. Campbell, of Jackson, was wounded, but made his escape, and died in a few days. Lieut. Mackey, of Madison county, was wounded and died in Fredericksburg. Adjutant Oscar Stuart, of Jackson, Lieut. H. T. Garrison, Lieut. S. T. Fort, and Wm. Cowen were killed by drunken soldiers after they surrendered. One-half of the eighteenth and three companies of the twenty-first were killed or captured in the road. The enemy rushed forward up the Hill, and taking advantage of a ravine between Marye's Hill and the redoubt occupied by the first company of Washington Artillery, gained the rear of the company while in the act of pouring shell and canister upon the mass, advancing over the field before them. Many of the enemy were drunk, and shot down some of the artillerists after they surrendered.—The first company lost two guns; Sergt. W. West, a gallant soldier, killed while placing his gun in position. Private Florence and others, killed after surrendering. Captain Earnest and nine others wounded. Captain Squeires, Captain Edward Owen and Lieut. Galbreath, and about twenty-five others, captured. Parker's battery lost its gun and half the men.

The first intimation I had of the disaster at the stone wall, was from a sharpshooter's minnie ball striking the vizor of my cap, and driving it back against, and blinding, for the time, my left eye.—This attracted my attention to Marye's Hill, and though I could only "go one eye on it," I saw enough to satisfy myself that I was cut off from the brigade with the enemy on my right flank. I attempted to change front, and form on the plank road facing Marye's Hill, but soon found that road enfiladed by a battery near Mary Washington's monument, which forced us to retreat. Lieut. Price Tappan, of Vicksburg, and Frank Ingraham of Claiborne county, both accomplished soldiers and gentlemen, were killed and left on the hill. Lieut. Mills, of Leake county, lost his leg and was captured. The third company of the Washington Artillery lost its gun and some of the men. The fourth company lost its two guns. Lieut. DeRussy was knocked down by a fragment of a shell, and badly contused. Private Lewis and Maury killed, and several captured.

In my effort to form on the plank road I had left my horse in a ravine near Miller's redoubt, and in my extremity, like Richard, I called for "a horse." My brave and gallant young friend, Charlie Hay, of Vicksburg, returned at great peril to the ravine and brought him to me, and thus enabled me to overtake my *flying infantry*. I called them into line, but the minnie balls were whistling around their ears —they had *no use for a line*, and turned a deaf ear to my call. I scolded and quarreled, or as the boys tell it, "fussed, and almost cussed"—all to no purpose. In the lisping language of the waggish Jim. Baily, of company K, who was working in the lead,

each man was "juth thifting thand." But the severe drills through which Lieut. Col. W. L. Brandon of Wilkinson, Major John G. Taylor, of Kentucky, Adjutant J. M. Kennard, of Claiborne county and their Colonel had "trotted them" at Manassas and Leesburg, was not entirely lost. When I could reach them with my voice and commanded, "By the right flank!" in about as good order as a flock of grey ricebirds, they flanked to the right; again when I commanded, "By the left flank!" they all flanked to the left, and *moved* directly and *willingly* to the rear; still they had *no use for a line* until we passed beyond the reach of grape and shrapnell and minnie balls that pursued us.

Notwithstanding my fretfulness and petulence *then*, no other trial through which the veteran old regiment has passed in its glorious career, endears it more to my heart, and my memory clings with the fondest affection around each of those noble boys whose devotion to their country's cause, was so sorely tested in this, and through the many harrassing retreats, weary marches, fasting bivouac,and bloody charges,where they dared death, and toiled and suffered and finally lost. Conspicuous on this occasion, was the cool and gallant bearing of Major D. N. Moody, of Vicksburg, Capt. John Simms of Woodville, Capt. Tully S. Gibson, of Sunflower county, Capt. E. Butts, of Vicksburg, Adjt. R. G. Sims, of Washington county, Lt. W. P. McNeely and Lt. Lane Brandon, of Wilkinson county, Lts. Hays and J. M. Hobert, of Vicksburg, Lt. Wiley, of Pontotoc county, and so many other officers, noncommissioned officers and men, that it would exhaust the company rolls to mention them.

The rapid movement of the enemy, advancing over Mayre's Hill and up Hazel Run, made me despair of reaching the brigade. My only hope was to reach the main army then at Chancellorsville, engaged in a furious battle. When, however, I reached Gest's Hill on the plank road, I discovered the enemy had been checked by the 13th and 17th regiments, Frazier's battery from Georgia, Carleton's battery from North Carolina, and the 2d company of Washington Artillery, then on Lee's Hill. I saw that it was possible for my regiment to cross Hazel Run above Marye's Hill, and rejoin the brigade, which move was made and accomplished. Gen. Barksdale, as soon as he saw that Marye's Hill was lost, the 18th regiment shattered, the Washington Artillery captured and the 21st regiment cut off, ordered the 13th and 17th regiments to fall back to Lee's Hill. Adjutant Owen, of Washington Artillery, retired the 2d company, under Capt. Richardson, to the Telegraph Road on Lee's Hill,and opened fire upon the blue mass on Marye's Hill.—Barksdale rallied the remnant of the 18th regiment and the three companies of the 21st regiment, and posted the 13th regiment on the right of the Telegraph Road, the left wing under Maj. Bradley, resting its left company under the brave Captain G. L. Donald im-

mediately on the road. The right wing under Colonel Carter, Lieut. Col. McElroy and the accomplished Adjutant, E. Harmon, in rear of the redoubts on Lee's Hill occupied by Frazier and Carlton. Colonel Wm. D. Holder, of Pontotoc, posted the 17th regiment on the left of the Telegraph Road, the right wing under the chivalrous Lieut. Col. John C. Fiser, of Panola county, and the left wing under the command of the brave Major W. R. Duff, of Calhoun county, and immediately engaged the advancing enemy. This timely and judicious disposition of our troops, and their stubborn daring, checked the enemy, and enabled me to reach the Telegraph Road with the 21st regiment. The enemy, however, pushed forward his troops under cover of the brow of the hill, and concealed by the smoke of the artillery, almost to the muzzles of the guns of 2d company of Washington Artillery, shot down some of the horses, wounded several of the men, and forced them to limber to the rear, leaving one gun. The 13th and 17th struggled gallantly, and suffered severely. The gallant Capt. Thos. H. Wood, of company C., Captain A. G. O'Brien, of company I., Lieut. Kelly, of company I., Lieut. Barlow, of company G., Lieut. Baurdeaux of company F., and Sergts. John J. Gordon, J. McLandon, A. Calhoun and G. W. McElroy, all of the 13th, fell wounded. Major W. L. Duff, Capt. T. I. Williams, Lieut. A. T. Roan, Lieut. R. M. King and W. J. Mitchell, of the 17th wounded and borne to the rear. The ranks were rapidly wasting away under the deadly fire. General Sedgwick was pushing his blue lines over Marye's Hill and up the plank road. His serried lines were fast encompassing Lee's Hill, and it was apparent that the 13th and 17th would soon be enveloped and crushed. Barksdale yielded before the impending shock and ordered a retreat.

We fell back along the Telegraph road about two miles to the Mine road. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and Barksdale's brigade of 1,500 Mississippians, and seven guns of the Washington Artillery, with less than 200 Louisianians, and one gun of Parker's battery, with about 20 Virginians, had been struggling and holding back from Lee's flank and rear, Sedgwick's army, variously estimated from eighteen to thirty thousand, from the time he advanced from Deep Run on the 2d, to one o'clock on the 3d of May. At the Mine road we met General Early with his division, which had been laying all day at Hamilton Station, expecting Sedgwick to move that way. Gen. Early immediately formed line of battle on the main road and across the Telegraph road. The enemy did not pursue us. A few wagons, mistaking the road, followed after us, but retired as soon as our artillery fired on them, and they discovered our line. We remained in line of battle, and bivouacked for the night. Sedgwick moved his main army directly on the plank road to get in the rear of General Lee, who, having received early notice of the loss of Marye's Hill, de-

tached McLaws' division to meet him. Gen. Wilcox, who had been guarding Banks' Ford, and Gen. Hays, who had been sent to guard Taylor's Hill, moved back and threw their lines across the plank road at Salem Church. Sedgwick endeavored to push through their lines about sundown, but was repulsed. It now being dark, no further advance was attempted and both armies bivouacked for the night. At sunrise next morning, Gen. Early, in obedience to orders received during the night from General Lee, moved his division and Barksdale's brigade down the Telegraph road towards Fredericksburg, and found no difficulty in taking possession of Marye's Hill. He ordered Barksdale to re-occupy the trenches at the foot of Marye's Hill, and hold back any force that might attempt to advance from the city, while he moved his own division up the plank road to attack Sedgwick in the rear.

Let us now pause and look at the extraordinary position the various portions of the two contending armies found themselves in on the morning of the 4th of May, after six day's marching, fighting and counter-marching. A heavy force of Federals, about fifteen thousand, occupied Fredericksburg and Stafford Heights; Barksdale and Early with their backs to each other on the plank road, with five thousand men between Fredericksburg and Sedgwick; Sedgwick between Early and Lee, with twenty thousand men; Lee with Anderson, McLaws, and Wilcox, between Sedgwick and Hooker's main army with twenty thousand men; Hooker's main army, ninety thousand strong, between Lee and Stuart; Stuart now commanding Stonewall Jackson's corps with twenty-five thousand men; all stretched along a straight road within a space of twelve miles. Who could foretell the result of this mighty but unfinished contest? Who could estimate its vast complications? Stonewall Jackson was wounded, and lay languishing upon his litter. Longstreet and D. H. Hill were absent. Robert E. Lee alone, of all the master spirits of the struggling hosts, could comprehend the situation, and by his mastery over that situation, successfully worked out the result, and illustrated his vast superiority over all the great captains that opposed him. With the genius that never deserted him in his greatest trials, he boldly issued his orders.—Barksdale was ordered to hold back any Federal force left in Fredericksburg. Stuart and Anderson were ordered to threaten Hooker at Chancellorsville, while in person Lee advanced with McLaws and Wilcox, and a portion of Anderson's division, composed of Posey's and Perry's brigades, to attack Sedgwick in front while Early attacked in the rear. Sedgwick finding himself attacked front and rear, by fifteen thousand men, instead of being able to attack Lee in his rear, timidly and rapidly retired by his right flank towards Banks' Ford, and recrossed the Rappahanock that night. Lee thus relieved of the presence of Sedgwick moved McLaws and Early towards Chancellorsville to support Anderson

and Stuart, who had been threatening but were now ordered to engage Hooker. Early on the 5th, Hooker, perplexed by his "Dutch entanglement," and alarmed by the failure of Sedgwick, declined the fight, and retreated towards the Rappahanock and crossed at the United States Ford. Thus Lee, with an army of less than fifty thousand men of all arms, ragged, half rationed, and badly equipped, successfully met an army of over one hundred and twenty thousand men, magnificently armed and equipped, and on ground chosen by themselves and partly fortified. For five long days he maintained the unequal contest—skillfully foiled every effort of the enemy to gain his rear—drove Sedgwick from his flank—gained the rear of Hooker's ninety thousand men at Chancellorsville by the brilliant movement of Stonewall Jackson, and by bold and gallant daring, and heroic assaults, drove back the "finest army on the planet"—routed and in disorder beyond the Rappahanock.

On the evening of the 5th of May, Barksdale advanced his brigade into Fredericksburg, but the enemy had recrossed the river and taken up his pontoons. We captured a few prisoners, a little plunder from the U. S. Quartermaster and sutlers, and quietly settled down, after an absence of four days, in our old quarters, saddened by the absence of many of our brave and beloved cumrades, who had fallen in the terrible conflict through which we had just passed.

As I had, during the absence of the brigade, on the 2nd, an independent command along the Rappahanock, I mimicked the brigadier, and called to my side the brave and accomplished Q. M. Sergt. Pole Adams, of the 21st regiment, as my personal Aid. I was greatly indebted to him for the efficient assistance rendered by transmitting, often at great hazard, my orders during the day and through the night.

The personal staff of General Barksdale, Capt. J. A. Barksdale, of Yallabusha county, A. A. G., and Capt. Harris Barksdale, A. D. C., of Jackson, Lieut. Gus. Gibson and James Broach, of Lauderdale county, Mack Palmer, of Attala county, and Billy McKee, of Holmes county, couriers, and A. S. Boyd, of Attala county, Private Secretary, were greatly distinguished for the daring, energy, activity and gentlemanly bearing that ever characterized their behavior on the battlefield. During the entire struggle the bold and unflinching Lieut. Allen, of Natchez, brigade ordinance officer, hung closely to the rear of the brigade, and promptly supplied each regiment with amunition, through the daring and energy of his brave and efficient Sergeants, J. Hudson, of 13th, Bogan, of 17th, Wm. Hill, of 18th, and J. V. R. Cramer, of 21st regiments. The Quartermaster and Commissary wagons were sent to the rear, near Guinea Station, under the control of the noble and fearless Major P. M. Doherty, of Yazoo City, A. Q. M. of brigade, the indomitable Major A. M. Hawken, of Jackson, A. C. S., and the eccentric

SEDGWICK HEIGHTS
D. BERNARD HOUSE
RAIL ROAD
HAMILTON STATION
D. TURNPIKE HOUSE
RICHMOND
FREDERICKSBURG
STAFFORD
HASLE RUN
15TH
12TH
BARKSDALE
MARYE'S HILL
HOWISONS HOUSE
LEES HILL
CANAL
TAYLOR'S HILL
EARLY'S DIV.
MARYE'S HILL
MINE ROAD
HOOKERS ROUTE
RAPPAHANNOCK R.
BANK'S FORD
18,000
8,000
SEDGWICK
AG LAWS DIV.
TELEGRAPH
1864
SPOTTSYLVANIA C.H.
RICH MT.
HANCOCKS NIGHT
2ND MAY 1863
ANDERSONS
12,000
4TH MAY 1863
HOOKER
GRANT'S LINE
LEE'S
JACKSONS ROUTE TO
CHANCELLORSVILLE
HOOKER
WILDERNESS
U.S. FORD
60,000
HOOKER
TODD'S TAVERN
JACKSONS CORPS
25,000
ROAD
HOOKERS
BROCKS
LONGSTREETS CORPS
6TH OF MAY
1864
PLANK ROAD
ROAD TO C.H.
GRANT
GRANT
PARKERS TAVERN
ELY'S ROAD
RAPIDAN R.
GRANT 1864
GERMANIA ROAD
A.P. HILLS CORPS
TO ORANGE C.H.
EWELLS CORPS
5TH MAY
1864

Captain Tom. Leonard, of Madison county, A. A. C. S. When the news reached them of the loss of Marye's Hill, and the probable capture of the brigade, the usual panic and dismay attending a defeat stampeded their camps.

They knew not how to move, or where to go. Stoneman's cavalry was between them and Richmond. Sedgwick was rapidly advancing from Fredericksburg.—Wagon trains started in every direction. The tried and efficient quartermasters of the various regiments determined each to save his train, if possible. The accomplished Captain George McGehee, of Wilkinson county, A. Q. M., of the 21st, moved one way. The jovial and fearless Captain Jim Turner, of Columbus, A. Q. M., of 13th, moved another way. The daring and dashing Captain Fontaine Barksdale of Yazoo city, A. Q. M., of the 17th, and the staid Captain Sam Franks, of Holly Springs, A. Q. M., of the 18th, moved still another way, and wandered over hill and dale, like chickens scattered by the swoop of an eagle. The "little game cock," the A. Q. M. of the brigade, in calm defiance, stood upon his spurs, until the danger had passed away, and then fretfully, but proudly crowed together his scattered brood, and safely led them back to Fredericksburg, to the great joy of the hungry and ragged brigade.

The high character of the brigade surgeons for scientific skill, patient watchfulness, kind and careful attention to the sick and wounded, was fully maintained. The courteous Gilmore, the courtly Joe R. Hill, of Yazoo county, the dignified Patterson, of Marshall county, and the kind and accomplished Geo. H. Peets, of Wilkinson county, won afresh the admiration and respect of the entire brigade.

Among the brightest ornaments of the brigade were those humble ministers of mercy, the Regimental Chaplains, the Rev. T. S. West, of 13th; Rev. W. B. Owens, of 17th; Rev. J. A. Hacket, of 18th, and Rev. C. McDonald, of 21st. Their watchful care and self-sacrificing devotion to the wants of the sick and wounded, and their holy ministrations, around the pallets of the dying soldiers, as they pointed them to the Lamb of God, for spiritual comfort and rest, endeared them anew to the love and affection of the officers and soldiers of the brigade, and will receive the lasting gratitude of the crushed and strickened hearts of the dear ones at home.

The loss of the entire brigade was 606 officers and men. Washington Artillery about 70 officers and men. Parker's battery, about 10 officers and men.

The loss of the enemy, estimated by the Federal Surgeons, including the night of the 2d, exceeded 1,500.

An unpleasant controversy grew up between General Early and General Barksdale, immediately after the battle, that all their mutual friends deeply deplored. It was reported that Gen. Early had remarked, or had claimed in his report that "his division had *recaptured* Marye's Hill on the 4th—that Barksdale

lost on the 31st." This fling, aroused the fiery spirit of Barksdale, who promptly refuted Early's claim by proving that a well-known scout belonging to company K, of the 21st regiment, named Roberts, and known throughout the brigade as "Yankee Hunter," had passed over Marye's Hill, after day-light, and found no one on it except some ladies from Fredericksburg, who were on a mission of mercy, hunting for wounded Mississippians. That when Gordon's brigade advanced to Marye's Hill, he found there Captain Harris Barksdale, of Barksdale's staff, and Lieut. Ramseur, of company B, 17th regiment, in command of Barksdale's advanced pickets.

The controversy here rests, and crimination happily ceased.—Barksdale laid down his life at Gettysburg, and is now cold in death. His memory is embalmed in the love and affection of every true-hearted son and daughter of Mississippi. Early is an exile, perhaps friendless and penniless among strangers, Virginia enshrines his name among her brightest ornaments. Both will live in history, and their fame will perish only with the classic grounds around Fredericksburg.

The battle of Chancellorsville fought from Fredericksburg to the Wilderness, along two almost parallel roads—the "Plank Road," and the "Old Turnpike;" is justly regarded one of the proudest achievements of Southern arms. Military critics are puzzled at its result. Lee knew with absolute certainty that Hooker had over 120,000 men. Hooker knew wtih equal certainty that Lee had less than 50,000. Hooker moved over 90,000 to Chancellorsville, and left Sedgwick in front of Fredericksburg, with over 30,000. Why did Sedgwick cross a portion of his army over the river at Deep Run on the 29th of April? Was the movement premature; or, was it made to threaten and hold Lee at Fredericksbug, until Hooker could slip through the Wilderness, and fall upon the flank and rear of Lee's army? If so, why did Hooker halt at Chancellorsville, and commence fortifying on the 30th of April? After Lee moved up to Chancellorsville, and confronted Hooker on 1st May, why were Hooker and Sedgwick both inactive. They knew that Lee had divided his army. Hooker and Sedgwick, each had an army —had they been Confederate soldiers—that could have vanquished either half of Lee's army, if that half had been any other than Confederate soldiers. Yet they both remained inactive until Jackson gained the extreme right flank of Hooker's army on the 2d, with fully half of Lee's army, and drove back the right wing of Hooker's army upon his centre. Then Sedgwick began to move *in earnest*, on the 3d of May, and Hooker remained on the defensive, with his ninety thousand against forty-five thousand. From the number of men that Hooker knew Jackson had on his right flank, stirring up his Dutch, he must have known that Lee had but few left between him and Sedgwick. Yet Hooker remained

defending his ninety thousand, as best he could, against Anderson's twelve thousand, and Jackson's twenty-five thousand—and let Lee turn towards Fredericksburg, with two divisions—eight thousand men—on the 4th of May, and in hearing distance of Hooker, drive Sedgwick, with his twenty thousand, across the Rappahannock; and on the 5th became alarmed for the safety of his ninety thousand, and precipitately recrossed the river.—That didn't look to the rebels like "pulverizing the rebellion" much.

Had Hooker been a Lee, and Sedgwick a Jackson, Sedgwick would have moved out of Deep Run, with his thirty thousand, square across the plateau between Barksdale and Early during the night of the 1st of May, and presented himself on the hills, on the Mine road—Gen. Early would have been captured or routed back to North Anna—Barksdale would have evacuated Marye's Hill, and perhaps made his escape by the "plank road" and gained Lee—and Jackson would not have made his flank movement to Hooker's right flank. Still, then, nothing but action, on the part of both Hooker and Sedgwick, would have prevailed. If Hooker had prudently remained at Chancellorsville, defending his ninety thousand men against half of Lee's army, now reduced by the loss of Early, Stonewall Jackson would have turned upon Sedgwick with the other half of Lee's army, and pushed him back across his pontoons at Fredericksburg, and returned towards Chancellorsville and struck Hooker on his left flank and drove in his left wing upon his centre, and Lee would have pushed the whole disordered mass through the Wilderness and across the Rapidan. But if Hooker had been a Johnston or a Longstreet on the morning of the 2nd of May, with ninety thousand men at Chancellorsville, and had Sedgwick been a Beauregard, a D. H. Hill, or a Hood, with thirty thousand men on the hills back of Fredericksburg, a joint, active, *closing in* movement would have been made upon Lee, and Lee would have been crushed upon the plank road, and *that* would have looked like "pulverizing the rebellion." But Sedgwick was not the real Beauregard or Hill or Hood; Hooker was not the real Johnston or Longstreet. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson knew their men. They knew the vain and boastful Hooker, and the courteous and cautious, if not timid Sedgwick, and upon that knowledge they ventured upon movements that puzzled military science, and by that martial prowess of the "Confederate soldier" that has placed the name of "American" above all the names of earth, they worked out a result at once glorious to the now prostrate and down-trodden South, and disgraceful to the numerical superiority of the domineering North. But it is easier to criticise than to convince, or perform. The Confederate army is now dispersed; the rebellion is pulverized; and the problem is solved. One Dixie cannot whip ten Yankees, and it is no longer "loyal," and perhaps no longer safe for an unpardoned "rebel

and traitor," so-called, to tell his thoughts, except in bated breath and whispers. The sun of the Southern Confederacy has gone down in blood forever. The bright Orb of "The Union"—that child of Destiny—conceived in treason to an established government, and brought forth in rebellion against a lawful sovereign, is again arising in all its effulgent and aggressive grandeur and glory; and having shaken from its name the incubus of Constitutions, and the heresy of rights "reserved to the States and to the people," now sheds its defiant but "rehabilitating" rays over all nations, tongues and people. "It is finished." Henceforth let treason become odious; let rebellion stink in the nostrils of the people; let the *Divine right* of "The Union" to rule be acknowledged; let humble, submissive, and silent adoration be given.

* * * * * *

LUCKNOW, Sept. 11, 1865.

DEFECTS IN MAP.—The plank and dirt road unite in the rear of "Barksdale," and diverge at "Sedgwick," and unite at Chancellorsville. The heavy line across the two roads to the left of the 18th is the 21st regiment. The stream between Bernard House and Fredericksburg, is Deep Run.

B. G. H.

POOR CARLOTTA.

The scion of long, imperial lines,
  August with histories hoary,
Whose proud ancestral heirship shines
  With the starriest names of story—
Stands doomed to die:—and the grenadiers
  In silent and serried column,
—Their pitiless eyes half-hazed with tears,
  Are waiting the signal solemn.

The brave young Emperor lifts his brow,—
  It never has shown so regal;
Yet it is not the pride of the Hapsburg now,
  Nor the glance of the clefted eagle.
No coronet's cincture binds his head,—
  No ermin'd purple is round him;
But his manhood's majesty instead,
  With royaller rank has crowned him.

He is caught away for an instant's space,
  To Schonbrunn's peaceful bowers—

There's a lightning-glimpse of his childhood's days—
  Vienna's gilded towers
Flash back on his sight with a blinding glare;
  —To barter such princely splendor,
For wrecked ambition, and stark despair—
  Betrayal and base surrender!

Wild, infinite memories throng and thrill
  His soul to its throbbing centre;
Regrets that madden, are clamoring still,
  But he will not let them enter.
The grovelling traffic of time all done,
  He would have the temple lonely,—
Its sanctuaries emptied one by one,
  That God may fill it only.

But under the Austrian skies afar,
  Aglow with a light elysian,
The mullion'd windows of Mirimar
  Loom out on his straining vision:
He is under its ancient limes again,—
  He is threading its pleachéd alleys,—
He is guiding his darling's slacken'd rein,
  As they scour the dimpled vallies!

Yet deep in his sweet Bavarian's eyes,
  Is shadowed her sorrow's token:
"Will he never come?"—she asks, and sighs,
  And he knows that her heart is broken.
—She is dying for *him*—the high-soul'd wife!
  And he feels in that awful minute,
That the bullet that waits to drink his life,
  Has not half such agony in it!

He can look his last on earth and sky—
  Step forth to his doom, nor shiver;—
Eternity front his steadfast eye,—
  And never a nerve shall quiver:
But love's despairs and passions and tears
  Wrench the firm lips asunder;
—"*My poor Carlotta!*"—Now, grenadiers!
  Your volley may belch its thunder!

THE GREAT MASTERS OF ROMAN SATIRE—HORACE AND JUVENAL.

Amongst Roman Satirists Horace occupies an exalted place, whether you regard the crystal-like clearness of his style, the pungency of his never-failing wit, or the breadth and fulness of his healthy generous humor. "On Mount Vulturs side" to use his own sweet words, reminding one of the leaf burial in the Ballad of "The Babes of the Wood."

"Me by play fatigued and sleep
Did the poetic doves
With young leaves cover;
From the black viper safe, and prowling bear
Sweet slept I, strewn with sacred laurel leaves
And myrtle twigs—bold child
Not of the gods unwatch'd."

About the time of his assuming the manly gown, some fifty-two years before Christ, we find him at Rome, brought thither by his father—that father to whose memory, the grateful son pays such a beautiful tribute of affection in the first book of his sixth satire—preserving it for the world to gaze at and admire. "If I'm unstained by the follies of the age, if I'm beloved by my friends, I owe it all to my good old father. While I enjoy the use of reason, I never shall be ashamed of such a parent, freedman though he was, slave though he had been."

As a boy he must have mingled in the throng that greeted with such exuberant joy the entry of Cæsar into Rome after his passage of the Rubicon. He must have witnessed Rome trembling with apprehension, hardly knowing what master to expect, or when he arrived, whether he would play the role of the tyrant or benignant ruler.

That same kind father who had watched over him with such pious solicitude thus far, sends him to Athens to finish that education the Roman schools had so well begun. Here he wandered beneath the graceful porticoes, and within the shady groves of Elis, strengthening and maturing under the influence of those divine schools, that mental power which afterwards carved his name so deeply on the literature of the age. He hears while there how,

"In his mantle muffling up his face
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
Which all the while ran blood,
Great Cæsar fell."

He hears while there, that tumult is the order of the day at Rome. Inspired with a love of freedom, with which every breeze that fanned his manhood's brows seemed vocal, he doffs the academic gown, and putting on the armor of the soldier, essays to strike a blow for it beneath the banner of Brutus: but he soon finds that he was not fashioned of the stuff out of which heroes are made. His short military career was rounded and filled up by the ignominious sentence, "*he ran away*"—believing it may be in the truth so well embodied in lines written long after his day by another satirist, that

"He who fights and and runs away,
May live to fight some other day,

While he who is in battle slain
Will never live to fight again."

Returning to Rome, he soon finds favor beneath the protecting hand of Augustus, and patronized by the elegant and generous Macænas, his life-long patron, he rapidly acquired a literary reputation. The noble elevation of thought and passion, the smoothness of the language in his odes, conveying to the mind the most exalted images, and sublime sentiments, astonished the quid nunes of Rome's capital, and he rose rapidly until he floated triumphantly upon the topmost crest of the popular favor. I know nothing in the whole range of literature surpassing the odes of Horace, noble didactic essays as they are, teaching every one to be content with his lot, not to disturb their own peace of mind with groundless ambition, to obey the laws, to shun avarice, to make a right use of the gifts of Heaven. Horace was a sincere follower of the Epicurean philosopher. He certainly believed with Epicurus—"that reason forbids a wise man to look on those things which create and nourish discontent; for thus he abstracts the mind from bitter thoughts, to convert it to think upon good, either future or past, especially those which he knows please him most." Like Atticus and others he appears to have taken refuge in the philosophy of self-enjoyment from bitter disappointment and suffering. In the busy idleness of a gay town life, or in the sequestered ease of his beautiful villa, he found a balm for all the troubles of life. His odes are full of the quiet serenity of the philosophy that he professed and practiced. But if his Odes astonished and pleased the Roman people, his Satires were received with still greater enthusiasm.—They are perfect in their kind. They differ from Juvenal's, in that they are jocose and not serious. Horace, it must be remembered, lived in the age of Augustus, when men were wicked and concealed their vices; when men at least affected virtue, though they possessed it not. In these Satires he does not spare himself whenever the occasion calls for a rebuke; and how irresistibly comic he can be over his own vexations and petty annoyances, let that Satire tell, in which he represents the literary bore as meeting him on the Sacred Way, and tormenting him "worse than any stinging wasp." With what irresistable humor he exclaims to the bore—"have you a mother or relations interested in your safety? *Est tibi mater cognati?*," and the bore in his simplicity answers, "O not one, I have buried them all." "Happy they; say I to myself, I only remain, now dispatch me quick. The time is at hand, the old Sabine sorceress foretold me, when a boy she had shaken her magic urn. Neither poison, pleurisy, the sword of the enemy, or cough shall carry off that boy, but an eternal talker shall dispatch him. I surely am about to be offered up."

How admirably and pertinently does he inculcate the necessity of honesty in office in that epistle of his to Macænas by the story of the field mouse, who by starving

himself had wriggled through a narrow chink into a chest of corn, and having gorged to the full, strove in vain to get out again, he had grown so plump.—To whom says a weasel, who stood leering at a distance, "if you would get out thence, mistress mouse, without damage to yourself, you must become as lank as when you went in." We should be very apprehensive if that was to be the rule applied to some of our modern officials both State and national, they would enjoy a rather long lease of office. The rule in this, our model republic, with some high officials, appears to be—"Get rich by fair means if possible: but by all means get rich. Keep all you get and get all you can." The starved mouse in the rich official granary grows sleek and well fed, and wonders how so small a hole should ever have afforded him an entrance, and he seldom does get out without damage to himself, unless he becomes as lank as when he went in.

Horace never spared a vice however exalted the possessor of it, but lashed it from head to heel, not like Juvenal with a whip of scorpions, but with a less stinging thong. Witness his rebuke to the miser Aufidius, a high official of the court. "What pleasure can you have in hiding under ground with great care and secrecy such immense treasures of gold and silver? If a moderate use is not made of wealth, what possible utility hath it, what real benefit is there in it. Suppose your barns contained one hundred thousand bushels of corn, yet for all that your stomach is not greater than mine. You become sick, wretched one, and neither wife nor children wish for your recovery."—Can any thing be finer than the rebukes administered by Davus to his master during the privileged hours of the Saturnalia. This dialogue between Horace and his slave, is full of the poet's own foibles and short comings. "You praise, says Davus to his master, the fortunes and the manners of the old Romans; and at the same time should some god reduce you to that state, you would be averse to it, because you are not convinced, that what you make such a noise about is more eligible, or because you are not firm in the defence of virtue. At Rome you long for the country, in the country you exalt the absent city to the stars. If you be nowhere invited out to supper, you are in rapture with your quiet mess of herbs."

This Saturnalia must have been a most curious festival, where all stood on a temporary equality for the hour, where slaves were privileged to ridicule their masters, and subordinates their high officials—and all this accompanied by such boisterous mirth, immense feasting and junketting, as would have gladdened the souls of a whole bench of aldermen.—Yet I am not prepared to say that it would not be an institution well introduced into our own time. Imagine the head of the nation rolling up Pennsylvania Avenue under a scorching fire of squibs, pasquinades and broad jokes.—Yet Cæsar with his brows bound with victorious wreaths, and

holding the world's sceptre in his grasp, bore fierce sarcasms, and stinging jibes from the ignoble crowd with complacency.

Horace in his satires, unlike Juvenal, does not put himself in a passion, but endeavors to laugh his countrymen out of their vices, and smiles as he points out stern truths—

"Ridentem decera verum quid vetat."

He tickled while he gently probed the wound. In these satires he teaches the Roman people to conquer their vices, to rule their passion, to forsake prejudices, and shun the folly of bigotry.

And now comes an age when the mask was off, and vice in all its hideousness and disgusting deformity was stalking boldly forth at Rome. It was the age that brought an imperial edict, gave the christians to the dogs wrapped in the skins of wild beasts, aye made living human forms fiery lamps to illumine the darkness of the Roman nights. It was truly a time of ghastly and tropical luxuriance in every beastly vice and sin: when society seemed nothing more than a standing pool foul with the rankest vegetation, from whose surface rose vapors as pestilential as those which were thrown off from the surface of Acheron, the fabled river of Hell. It was the age of the infamous Locusta and her subtle poisons, the atrocious and beastly Messalina. It was, in a word, an age that called for just such a satirist as Juvenal.

Like Horace he was the son of a freedman. A youth in the reign of Nero, he studied the Roman laws; but was so angry with the corruptions that he witnessed in the courts, both among judges and advocates, that he abandoned the profession in extreme disgust. With the Roman judges and lawyers, the law was

"Like a foul black cob-web to a spider
They made it a dwelling and a prison,
To entangle those should feed them."

Juvenal was in the full ripeness of middle age, when he commenced reading his Satires, and they were received with high favor among the few learned men of Rome: but having scourged in one of them a bloated minion of Domitian, the daring poet was banished to Egypt: but Domitian dying shortly after he returned to Rome and lived in that city during the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, dying in his one hundreth year. He lived exactly in the age for a bold, keen lynx-eyed satirist as he was: and "holds the mirror boldly up to nature," to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and presence.

This Juvenal was a genuine Roman Wide-Awake, with large, open, penetrating eyes, a cape of honesty, and a brilliant lamp that shone out upon the age in which he lived, casting its tell-tale rays into the most gloomy nooks, where hideous vice lurked, and folly with her cap and bells disported herself. The State processions of that frightful time, appear like that of Pride in Spenser's Fairie Queen, where "Idleness, and Loathsome Gluttony, Lustful Lechery, Malicious Envy, and Revenging Wrath" are harnessed to the car.

Such an age as this wanted no mere wit. It wanted fierce invective—it wanted to be embalmed in bitter Satire, like Juvenal's, that at the same time transparent as the amber, should hold it in preservation, and make it visible to the world forever. Juvenal sallies out against vice in all its forms, with the patient heroism and lofty devotion of The Red Cross Knight of Spenser's mighty Poem. He combats error as he did, who

"With his trenchant blade, he boldly kept
From turning back, and forced her to stay."

As one of the Poet's commentators has said, "Folly, was Horace's quarry, Juvenal's vice."—Juvenal's sarcasms are more biting and stinging than those of the Venusian bard. The aim of Horace was to be agreeable rather than bitter, to be familiar, insinuating and instructive. Juvenal was the first satirist that raised the style of the satiric poem to the height of tragedy. This he tells us himself, yet not out of vanity, but led to it from the nature of the subject. He even undervalues his poetry, when he insinuates that the wickedness of the times would provoke a man to write satires, though he had no genius for poetry:

"Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
Qualemcunque potest, quales ego vel Cluvienus."

Dryden in his most admirable "Discourse on Satire" in running the parallel between these two satirists, seems to give the palm to Juvenal; "for after all" he says "I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand I speak of my own taste only—he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is his good manners may be commended, but his wit is faint, and his salt, if I dare say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is a much more masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear; he fully satisfies my expectation, he treats his subject home, his spleen is raised, and he raises mine. He drives his reader along with him, and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him."

Juvenal holds up the virtues of early Rome to the degenerate Romans of his day, as in striking, mortifying contrast with the loose immoralities, and perverted public faith of the age which he scourges. Can there be anything keener than his sarcastic pleasantry in his 4th satire, where he brings out upon the canvass, the Emperor Domitian, and the conscript Fathers of Rome's degenerate Senate House, assembled at the call of the Emperor in solemn consultation over a huge turbot, and as to how it shall be dressed. With most exquisite mock gravity the poet opens: "When now the last Flavius had torn the half dead world, and Rome was in bondage to bald Nero, there fell an Adriatic turbot of wondrous size into a net and filled it." The master of the boat destines this

monster for the Emperor's table: because he very judiciously reasons—if he should fail thus to appropriate it, the shores are full of inquisitors, "inspectors of seaweed," and by this phrase Juvenal happily denotes a class of the meanest informers who were hovering about, and will report, that no doubt this fish was a fugitive from the imperial fish ponds where it had long fed, and thence escaped, and ought by all means to be restored to its master. Therefore he determines to present it. In presenting it to the Emperor, the trembling fisherman falls upon his knees, and holding the turbot on high exclaims: "Accept, O Cæsar what is too great for private kitchens—let this day be passed as a festival, release your stomach from its crammings, and consume a turbot reserved for your age." This is a severe lashing of the gluttony of Domitian's age. The Emperor is asked "to release his stomach from its crammings"—that is to unload and set it free by a vomit, so as to make room for this turbot.—This was a very common practice among the gourmands of Rome, and hence this fling of the satirist. But lo! there was wanting a dish large enough for the fish—and forthwith Rome's Senate is summoned to deliberate. Each Senator gives his advice, and is thus hit off by the remorseless satirist. "Fuscus who was preserving his bowels for the Dacian vultures, having meditated wars in his marble villa," said very many things in praise of this turbot, and quite envied it the glorious destiny in store for it, of being entombed in the Emperor's bowels. Crispinus also enters, "sweating" says the satirist, and "with morning perfume, two funerals scarcely smell as much"—funerals being in those odoriferous with the fragrant gums and spices used in cremetion. He too pours fourth his admiration over this tribute which the Adriatic had presented to his imperial master. There comes up the serious question as to how this turbot shall be served? Shall it be cut in two? "Far be this disgrace from it" said Montanus—"let a deep pot be prepared, and from this time forward let potters follow the Camp of Cæsar to be ever ready for such grave emergencies."

When speaking of a dead glutton, the satirist says—"From the regions of the damned his soul shall long to revisit the earth, whenever he hears of a new dish." This clearly is an idea borrowed by Littleton in his "Dialogues of The Dead," and which he has worked up with considerable artistic effect. He introduces Dartneuf as holding a discussion with Apicius, and lamenting his ill fortune in having lived before turtle feasts were known in England.—"Alas!" says Dartneuf with a sigh, "how imperfect is human felicity. I lived in an age when the pleasures of eating was thought to have been carried to the highest perfection, both in England and France, and yet a turtle feast was a novelty to me. Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain permission from Pluto to go back just for one day to indulge in turtle cutlets? I will promise to kill myself by the quantity I

will eat, so that Pluto shall have me back the next morning."

Juvenal lived in an age when it might well be said "the very filthiness of luxury prevailed. Elsewhere in his first satire he alludes to it when he says, "How great is the gullet which for itself puts whole boars away, an animal born for feasts, yet there is present punishment, when you put off your clothes turgid, and carry an undigested peacock to your bath—hence sudden death, and an intestate old age." When Juvenal penned these fierce satires Rome might fairly be said to be debauched by luxury—whole provinces were ravaged to furnish the larder for a single kitchen, and gorged and bloated debauchees reeled turgid with gourmandizing from the groaning tables of Domitian or some of the degenerate nobility.

With what a whip of scorpions he scourges the venal, effeminate and base judge Creticus, as he represents the hardy and brave Roman soldiers just come from victory, and covered with fresh wounds, rough mountaineers who had left their ploughs like Cincinnatus to fight against the enemies of their country, on their arrival at Rome, discovering such an effeminate character on the bench bearing the charge of the laws, and bringing them forth to judgment. "What," he says with glowing indignation, "would you not proclaim, if on the body of a judge those things you should see? I ask would transparent garments become a witness? Sour and unsubdued, and master of liberty, O Creticus, you are transparent. Contagion gave you this stain and will give it to more; as in the fields a whole herd falls by the scab and measles of one swine: and a grape derives a blueness from a grape beholden." By degrees with graphic portraiture he sketches this august effeminate judge descending step by step into all the lower grades of vice, until he is received by a set of male wretches who in imitation of women celebrate the rites of the "Bona Dea." The degeneracy of the noble youth of Rome is most graphically portrayed in the sketch of young Damasippus in the 8th satire, of whom the poet says: "The nobility of your ancestors themselves begin to stand against you, and carry a clear torch before your shameful deeds." Then follows those noble lines, worthy of the pen of inspiration:

"Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur."

which literally translated might be rendered: "Every vice of the mind has by so much the more conspicuous blame, by how much he that offends is accounted greater"—or in other words, so far from deriving any sanction for your vile excesses from high and noble birth, the vices of the great are the more censurable and the more inexcusable in proportion to the loftiness of your position.—Your crimes are the more notorious, your example the more contagious. Juvenal, Pagan though he was, developed by his own example some of the loftier virtues that adorn christianity, and in a city abandoned to all the most

degrading vices, and the most debasing lusts, he preserved his manners and his morals pure.—He constantly gives utterance to sublime truths worthy to be placed side by side with those uttered by the Divine Founder of the Religion of love. Take for instance that passage in his thirteenth satire, which looks as if it might have referred to the teachings of the Savior himself: and where he exclaims, "Happy wisdom that by degrees puts off most vices and all errors, first teaching what is right, and that revenge is always the pleasure of a minute, weak and little mind." The frequency of such and similar passages inculcating the superior virtues always made. Juvenal and Persius, great favorites with some of the most learned of the early Christian Fathers, such as Cassiodore, Lactautius, Eusebius, St. Jerome and St. Austin. One of the Fathers after quoting extensively from these two Roman satirists, concludes as follows: "Reader be courteous to thyself, and let not the example of an heathen condemn thee, but improve thee." The mind and conscience of this great man, to use the words of one of the best of his translators, "whence he knew not, was so far enlightened, as to perceive the ugliness of vice, and so influenced with a desire to reform it, as to make him according to the light he had, a severe and able reprover, a faithful and diligent witness against the vices and follies of the people among whom he lived, and indeed against all who like them, give a loose rein to their depraved appetites.

THE TRUE ALCHEMY.

Life and death go conquerors crowned—
Sin and sorrow set their seal—
In a vast revolving round
Time whirls all things with his wheel.
Seasons perish, years are born—
Woman's heart sings softly on
Ever beating mystic time,
In a sweet and silvery chime
Which knows never stop nor rest,
These four words: "He loves me best!"

Summer scatters buds and flowers—
Autumn garners golden grain—
Fast the fairy-footed hours
Circle in a crystal chain—
What though cares like snow-flakes fall?—

One bright beam dissolves them all,
And if sorrows come, they seem
Fleet as phantoms in a dream.—
Hope herself replumes her crest
By repeating "Loves ME best!"

What a rarely subtle thing
Is the power, which thus can change
Even sorrow's sharpest sting
Into raptures rich and strange!—
This, the long sought stone of old
Whose bright touch turns all things gold.—
Scintillation from above—
Truly perfect human love!—
Filling life with heavenly zest
With its magic: "Loves ME best!"

TEARS—IDLE TEARS.

"Tears, idle tears—I know not what they mean!
Tears from the depths of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world—
Sad as the last that reddens over one
That sinks, with all we love below its verge—
So sad—so fresh, the days that are no more!

Oh! sad and strange, as in dark Summer dawns,
The earliest pipe of half-awakened bird
To dying ears—when unto dying eyes,
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square—
So sad—so strange, the days that are no more!

Dear as remembered kisses after death—
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned

On lips that are for others;—deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—
Oh, death in life—the days that are no more!"

[TENNYSON.

Hardly in the range of Literature do we meet with a poem more purely subjective. We have here a photograph of a state of mind too vague to be defined, and too subtle to be analyzed. The poem has no name, and is always quoted by its first line, "*Tears—idle tears,*" or by its repraise, "Days that are no more." It would not do to call it Contemplation, or Retrospection, or Melancholy because it is not any one of these entirely, while it is something more than either, or all.—The feeling portrayed has no distinctive name in our language, nor as far as I know in any other. Yet it is a feeling which, in this painting by the Poet is recognized consciously by the experience of every contemplative man of any susceptibility who has reached middle age. I am not sure that those less mature will fully respond to the poet's utterance. I recollect that many years ago, I recited the lines to a young friend of undoubted genius, cultivated taste, and of usual susceptibility, and when I turned to him for applause, he candidly declared, that he could neither comprehend it, nor perceive any special beauty in it.

What then is the feeling which these lines portray? As it has no name, all that we can do in the way of its explication is to amplify the description given by the poet. All subjective writing must have an objective origin.—What is at any time in the mind was first in sensation—is the maxim of Psychologists. The impulse is from without. Often the deviation is so great, that with difficulty we can retrace the course to its origin, but here the poet has furnished to our hand in the first stanza, the scene that gave birth to his musings.

To reproduce it will put us in initial accord with him.

"In looking on the happy Autumn fields."

The poet has been taking his evening walk late in October. He is a sportsman too and his gun is in his hand, and Carlo is with him. The fresh breeze has cooled but at the same time brightened his cheek, as facing the mellow radiance of the evening sun, he has strided along boundingly over the crisp leaves, now hieing on his dog in search of birds not yet found, and now stooping to pluck a late flower, or pick up a crimson leaf. While the exhilaration of exercise, breaks out from time to time in the snatch of an old song, or a recitation from his favorite volume. He has seated himself on the brow of a hill, still facing westward. At the foot of the slope a silvery brook glitters along and just before it bends out of sight, widens into a placid pool. Beyond with a corresponding ac-

clivity, stretch away broad fields of close grazed grass, not quite browned, but just seared by the light frosts of the season. Contented cattle repose in rumination or lazily nip the short pasturage, casting long grotesque shadows in the slanting light. The scene catches his artist's eye, and he enjoys it without thought, and unaware of the rising music that is waking in his breast symphonious with the voice of nature. A balmy content is the first sensation, but as the fields grow darker with the descending sun, pensiveness interpenetrates his thoughts. And now the Autumn fields are no longer in view. It is spring with him, and morning—and Mary is by his side—and those days are days that are no more. And is she not yet his own Mary? and is she less than the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart?—O dearer, far dearer than ever before! And yet tears in his eyes dim the landscape before him, and tears in his heart bedew the days that are no more.

Now we have the key-note of the song, that recurs like the master-beat in the Monastery Bells.

The characteristic of remembered joy is Antithesis.

Shakspeare hinted at this by Analogy (we get everything from Shakspeare, at least in genius) when he makes Lorenzo say to Jessica, "I'm never merry when I hear sweet music." This by negation, we find the positive statement of the philosophy in the oft quoted simile from Ossian, "The music of Carel was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant but mournful to the soul."

With this key of Antithesis in our hand we can fit every word and open every recess in this cabinet of beauty.

The poet rises from his revery and drawing his hand across his eyes, announces his subject in the apostrophe—Tears—idle tears.—Tears alone, tell of anguish—but idle tears neither scald nor stain. And yet these tears are not the superficial over-flow of some sudden occasional sentiment, for they rise in the heart, to gather to the eyes. Yet from despair—not without hope though—for the despair is divine, is healthy joy. Spring must die before Autumn can come, but Autumn here, is proof that Spring once was.

> "I hold it true what e'er befall
> I feel it when I sorrow most
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

Now we have in substance all that we can get. Idle tears—He had said that he knows not what they mean, and he will not belie nor stultify himself, by attempting to tell what he does not know. It is a compound emotion, but he is not about to analyze it, and measure and weigh its constituents. Do you respond and say in scientific ignorance, but with well assured consciousness—"you do not know how I feel, but certainly we feel alike." And you have expressed just what a thousand times I have felt but never could express, when thinking of the days that are no more"—If so, you are in accord with the poet and may read on and bathe your sensibility in the fragrance of

what follows. But if honestly you say, "I do not quite apprehend—stay—let me see—from another point of view I think I catch the sentiment." Do not give yourself the trouble. Pass on.—There are a multitude of beauties in the Princess which you will relish, and this gem is detached from all that precedes or follows it, so that by omiting it, you will lose precisely it and nothing more In this case, fair reader, comfort yourself by the thought that you are too young for the sentiment—and, gallant gentlemen, swear by the charge of the Light Brigade.

Having said all that he knows, the poet can do nothing more than say it over again. But to repeat the same thing is to repeat the same sensation, and each successive impulse of delight is necessary to make up the full momentum. To iterate is to penetrate. As the dove has but one note, which she utters again and again until the cool blossoming orchard trembles with it.

What is in the intellect was first in sensation, and so what is purely subjective, can be made intelligible, only through what is objective. This vague, composite, painful delight with which the bosom of the poet vibrates as he looks on the happy Autumn fields, thinking of the days that are no more, he manifests by a series of images, all double, and contracted in everything but originality and beauty. In the tide of time, ship after ship, freighted with what once was most precious to us—is precious still—has gone down below the rim of life's wide ocean but they are not gone forever—for memory brings them up again from beneath, fresh, with glittering sails.

And there is music at the opening day, when the nascent light wakes again the sleeping world to life, but it fades on dying ears, and filmy eyes turn feebly to the window that only glimmers squarely now. The analogy here is so vague, that solemn contrast is all that is suggested. And while, as a single stanza, it is impressive, it seems to me in its relation to the feeling it parabolises, the least effective of the series.

But does the heart cry out with wild regret for the days that are no more, while with all our passion we exult that once they have been, and would not exchange the remembrance of them, for all the possibilities of present or future life—to what shall we liken this whirlwind, yea and nay? What shall we say of it—this suicidal yearning—but that it is

> "Dear as remembered kisses after death,
> And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
> On lips that are for others—deep as love
> Deep as first love—and wild with all regret."

Say this, oh poet, and let yon setting sun bear the message if he may to those beyond this mortal sphere.

Now all is said—and yet all that has been said may be condensed, compacted, crystalised into one phrase of inconceivable contradiction.

> "O Death in Life. The days that are no more"

We may notice the growing climax of the figures that are used.

In the first stanza we have the initial melancholy awakened by Autumn; in the second comes the pain of a long—it may be final—farewell; and in the third, the gloom of Death. Can the progression go further? Yes—there is after Death—and bitterer—the despair of loss, and the disappointment that cannot die and cannot be endured. Stanza for Stanza, however the contrast progresses with equal force. Autumn is happy—the up-coming vessel bringing home the long absent, beams and glitters. Where Death is, is summer, and morning, and music and renewing Life. And what shall match with Despair? There is but one thing strong enough and it is here—Love—first love.

How original is the conception of these lines, and how masterly is the genius that could blend into one, the two feelings that make up the staple of them, we may partly know if we recollect that Milton seems to have the same purpose in his pendant poems Allegro and Penseroso, but in the execution he has laid side by side for our inspection, the separate elements which Tennyson has fused into the Antithesis in which they actually live within the hearts of men.

If we would hear how sounds separately one note of this double harmony, we must listen to it in Poe's Raven.

I cannot dismiss these lines without remarking, that in them, as in almost every one of his Poems (except, I think, "In Memoriam") Tennyson has displayed his almost unrivalled handicraft, in adapting the mechanism of his verse to the sentiment intended to be conveyed.—Unusual combination of metrical characteristics mark the versification with as much originality, as Antithesis does the poem. The obvious structure because of the absence of rhyme is that of blank verse—while the arrangement into stanzas, the rhythmical flow, and the individuality of the lines are all lyrical. As I finish this exposition of my understanding of the meaning of these lines, it occurs to me that I have seen it handled by two separate commentators at variance with each other respectively, and both differing from what has been given above.

In a gallery where some years ago I was interested by an exhibition of paintings, I was at once attracted by one bearing for its title, "Tears—Idle Tears." I was very much disappointed, inasmuch as I found embodied an idea quite different from my own. The Artist had given a graceful picture of a young girl, her bonnet in her hand, gazing over a barred fence, at well-pastured fields stretching away in the shadow of an autumnal sun-set. The expression of the face, the position, the landscape, the whole *muse or scene* suggested a reverie, in which the chief element was *romance*. I turned away because I could not bear to see treated as ideal merely, the sentiment of the poem, which to me is so intensely real.

Just the other day I opened with eagerness a periodical of which one of the articles was headed, "Tears—Idle Tears."

It was a commentary from a leading English magazine upon the lines. The conception of the writer is that Tennyson has given here utterance to deep unmitigated grief.

That which does not exist, cannot be seen. That the painter saw what he undertook to represent by Romance, proves that the lines have a glow in them. So too the critic never could have treated them as a dirge, had there been more in the Vista of the Past, than that fair girl, with her young eyes could see. That feelings so seemingly opposite can co-exist, is a mystery of the human heart. To give utterance to them in such words as we have here, is the prerogative of poetic genius.

THE SOUTHERN EXILE.

"*Ha tilh me tulidh:*" "*We return no more.*"

GAELIC EMIGRANT'S SONG.—*Walter Scott.*

Farewell to all I have loved so long,
  Farewell to my native shore!
Let me sing the strain of a sweet old song,
  "I return—I return no more!"
It breaks my heart from friends to part
  And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops pour;
While mournfully I repeat the cry—
  "I return—I return no more!"

Though here I breathe in ample space,
  And gather with fuller hand,
Nought can efface one single trace
  Of my own dear distant land.
With many a sob my pulses throb,
  And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops pour;
While wearily I repeat the cry—
  "I return—I return no more!"

When others sleep I wake and weep
  To think of joys long past;
And wish and pray for the happy day
  That shall bring repose at last.

Sad memories fill my soul with gloom
And mine eyes—mine eyes the tear-drops pour;
While despairingly I repeat the cry—
"I return—I return no more!"

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF THE SOUTH.

To provide food, clothing and suitable dwellings is a matter of the first, though not of the highest importance, and is a subject to which most men direct their earnest attention. The misfortune is, too many rest satisfied with this and never aspire to the higher regions of intellectual enjoyments. This is a grave error, and leads to many disastrous consequences. The cultivation of the intellectual and moral faculties is as far superior to the mere acquisition of material wealth as the mind is superior to the body. The one is immortal, the other mortal. The one is capable of endless expansion, the other is limited in its enjoyments, and is destined to perish. That people, who cultivates the moral and intellectual in preference to the material, will always be the most prosperous and most renowned. Greece lives to-day in the pages of Homer, Xenophon and Longinus. The oration on the crown has been more durable than the magnificent temples at Athens, the Medea of Euripides, and the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles remain long after Areopagus has been destroyed. The Proverbs and Song of Solomon are read and admired by millions, while the gorgeous temple that bore his name has disappeared, and not even its ruins can be found.—Horace, Virgil and Livy are household words, while Scipio and Pompey are almost forgotten, or owe their present fame to the distinguished authors who have perpetuated their names. Cæsar is more known as the author of the Commentaries than as the General who led the Roman legions against the Belgae. Intellectual power is greater and more lasting than either physical strength or material wealth, as is shown by the examples which we have given, and they might be indefinitely multiplied. When the great ships of England shall cease to "walk the waters as things of life," and the Palace of Westminster shall be in ruins, the glory of England will be manifested in the Paradise Lost of Milton, the Hamlet and Macbeth of Shakspeare, the Novum Organum of Bacon, and the Principia of Newton. As it has been, so it will always be. Material wealth, though most valued by the mass of mankind, is not that which adds most to the greatness or happiness, either of

an individual or a community.—In view of these undoubted truths, it becomes us to encourage learning, to consider a high order of scholarship a test of merit and a means of securing high social position, that nation as greatest, which has the largest number of thorough and accomplished scholars and men of profound literary attainments. Humboldt will be remembered and his Cosmos read when Bismark and even Frederick the Great will be almost forgotten. Let us then, as a Southern people, encourage learning and establish among ourselves, literary and scientific institutions of the highest grade. We can do so if we have the will. Already the finest institution of learning on this continent, is in the South. The Professors at the University of Virginia, are men of more learning and more varied attainments than are those of any of the Universities or Colleges in the Northern States. Mr. Jefferson, in after times, will be scarcely less remembered and venerated as the founder of the University of Virginia, than as the author of the Declaration of Independence. We can and may have universities in every State, equal, if not superior, to the University of Virginia. Let us show that we honor profound learning, and high scholarship, and we will have them. Let the profession of teaching be, as it justly deserves, the most honored profession in the land, and our educated young men and young women will take pride and pleasure in this noble pursuit. Why is it that in England, with all the disadvantages of their government and political institutions, they have so many great statesmen, jurists, poets and historians? It is because they value learning and make it honorable. Their men of wealth endow fellowships in their Universities and scholarships in their parish schools. Let our men of wealth, and we have, or soon will have, many, give a portion of their princely incomes to the establishment of schools, colleges, and universities of a high grade. In all of our large cities, there might be an Academy of Sciences, where young men who have been to universities might pursue their studies, and also where those who have not had this opportunity, might, in their leisure hours, even after they have become engaged in business pursuits, cultivate their minds to any extent their inclinations might lead them.—Next to the universities, we should have high schools similar to Eton, Winchester and Rugby, in England. Schools for boys, somewhat similar to these, though they are private institutions and have no endowments, have been established in Virginia and Alabama. Professors Holcomb's and Miner's schools in Virginia, and those of Professor Tutwiler and Dr. C. G. Smith, in Alabama, are models worthy of imitation.—Nothing is of more importance than the proper training of boys, and if more money was judiciously expended in this way, we would reap great benefits from it. We will have in a few years the wealth sufficient to do all these things. If the cotton crop of the South, which is our leading staple,

and the means of our wealth, should hereafter amount to two million bales per annum, weighing five hundred pounds each, this, at twenty cents per pound, would bring two hundred millions of dollars. If we had this amount, and at the same time were not under the necessity of purchasing any supplies of food and clothing, which might easily be the case, if our people would go earnestly to work, and cease murmuring against the inevitable, this would, in ten years, be one of the most prosperous countries in the world. We have all the natural advantages, and all we have to do, is to improve them. The portion of our capital which we may employ in manufacturing, say twenty millions per annum, will increase our material wealth, and if we would then appropriate one-twentieth of our earnings to the establishment of scientific institutions and the cultivation of letters, we would soon have the most renowned schools in the world, and the most highly educated people. As a native of the South, whose affections for her have increased because of her desolation, as one who takes pride in everything of Southern growth, I feel a deep interest in the development of the mineral wealth, and in the cultivation of the intellectual faculties of the Southern people. This should be our highest ambition and most cherished earthly object.

COLUMBUS, MISS., 1867.

SONG.

O! to be, by the sea, the sea,
While a fresh North-wester's blowing,
With a swirl on the lea, of cloud-foam free;
And a spring-tide deeply flowing:
With the low moon clear and large
O'er the flushed horizon's marge,
And a little pink hand in mine,
On the sands in the long moonshine!

O! to be, by the sea, the sea,
With the wind full West, and dying,
With a single star o'er the misty Bar,
And the dim waves dreamily sighing!;—
O! to be there, but there,
With my sweet Love nestling near,
Near, near, till her heart-throbs blend with mine,
Thro' the balmy hush of the Night's decline,
On the glimmering beach in the soft star-shine!

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

Miss Charley Preston's cool proposition to her cousin to drop the subject of their love, was decidedly negatived, not only by the young gentleman himself, but by the contracting powers of the houses of Lee and Preston. Mr. Frank gave a statement of the affair, lodged a complaint with his grand-mother against the fair delinquent, made a formal demand of her hand from his grandfather, wrote to his mother to come to Southside and cure Charley of her nonsense, and engaged the services of the Professor in his behalf, invading the sacred precincts of that gentleman's study, and renewing to some extent, his acquaintance with Hector and the Greeks.

"I say, Professor," said Mr. Lee, as pushing aside a heap of loose sheets, he made room for himself on the manuscript covered lounge, "if you'll take Charley in hand, I know you can manage her. She looks up to you as she would to a father, and you know when she was a child you could persuade her into or out of a thing even when grand-pa failed."

"Yes, Frank," was the quiet reply as a long white hand went up as a support to the head of the speaker, "yes, she was always gentle with me. But she is not a child now, and you have read to but little purpose if you have not learned that, of all hard things to influence, the most difficult is a young maiden. Virgil says—

"Bother Virgil!—no offence to you, Professor, but I can't think of anything but Charley—She's so pretty and so provoking, and then, I've rather asserted the fact of our marriage, and you know the fellows in Richmond would joke me so—besides, I declare I do love her beyond expression. By Jove! Professor, she's the smartest girl I ever saw in my life!"

"So she is, Frank—praise her as much as you can and I'll endorse all you say. You will be blest indeed to win her, but Frank, boy, you must make her happy!"

"Of course, Professor—she shall have everything that money can buy, and as to saying one unkind word to her, I'd as soon think of shooting myself!"

"That is a matter of course, Frank, but there are higher requirements than material wants, and I know Miss Charley's nature well enough to know that with her, these are the real necessities of her life. Can you supply her needs in this respect?"

Mr. Frank's only reply was a prolonged stare, which was accompanied by a peculiar whistle, at the expiration of which, he said:

"Professor, I will do my duty by Charley as an honorable gentleman, and make her as happy as I know how to, but as to higher requirements and that sort of thing, I can't supply them because I frankly confess I don't

* Continued from page 412.

know what they mean, and I look on them as—Bosh!" and Mr. Lee lit a cigar and proceeded to puff vigorously. When the glowing tip of the Havana attested the success of his efforts, the young gentleman continued:

"Will you help me Sir? Charley's like a half-broken filly, and is as skittish and saucy as she can be, but she can be managed, and you can do it if you will."

"I think you over-estimate my influence, Frank, and to tell you the truth, there is a slight something between your cousin and myself. Not a coldness, still less a quarrel, but a sort of restraint, consequent, I presume, upon her position as a young lady in society, and this restraint makes me diffident of approaching her, particularly in the manner you desire."

'Oh! Professor, it's all your imagination—Charley looks on you as one of the family and all you've got to tell her is, how I love her and all that. I know she loves me, for who else is there about here that she can love, and it will be so nice when we are married, and all of us have set our hearts on it. Please help me, Professor."

"Well, Frank, I'll try, but it will be my 'prentice hand' work, and I fear I shall make an awful bungle of it. Suppose I find she does happen to fancy some of her other suitors—if she be as confiding as she used to be, she'll tell me —what shall I do then?"

"Oh! let the whole thing go to smash—I'm too much of a gentleman, I hope, to wish to force myself on a girl against her will. If Charley loves any one else—but pshaw—I know she don't, so go ahead, Professor—'macte virtute' you know, and do your best."

In due time Miss Preston was summoned to the library to meet her grand-father, who placed Mr. Lee's proposal formally before her. Miss Charley seated herself in her favorite arm chair which, like everything belonging to this young lady, acquired an individuality approximating that of its owner, and which was known in the family as "Charley's perch." Extending her little feet out on a footstool as far as nature would permit, and crossing them, she leaned back in the chair and folding her hands, said;

"Go on, grandpa."

"Go on? How do you mean, child? Was the reply of the puzzled old gentleman.

"Oh! sum up all the advantages of Frank's offer, and the reasons why I shall be a monster of inappreciation if I don't accept it. I've had the case argued only three times,—not counting Frank,—in Aunt Liza's letters, and by grandma and mammy, but if Frank has engaged you as a special pleader, go over all the points again. I'm agreeable—only please don't be long, grandpa, as I know them by heart."

"Well, my dear, I'll try, though, to tell you the truth Charley, I never was much in favor of first cousins marrying, but if you love Frank.—

"But I don't love him, grandpa, not in that way, I mean. I love him very much as Frank, but you know grandpa, the way one loves a cousin is'nt the right way to love a husband."

"Is'nt it, child?" said the Colonel meekly.

"You KNOW it is not, grandpa, and I should do Frank an injury to marry him unless I loved him in the right way!"

"What is the right way, my darling?" asked the old gentleman, amused at her earnestness and wishing to tease her a little.

"I'll tell HIM! when he asks me, and nobody else," was the saucy reply, though the pink cheeks deepened in color several shades.

"Well, my child, and he'll be a happy fellow, and I wish I knew that he was worthy of you! While I live, my darling, it does not matter, and unless you prefer it otherwise, I'd rather keep you all for myself. But Charley, my child, I am an old man and I can't expect to stay with you long, and it would be a great comfort to see you the wife of a good man, who would love and cherish you as I've tried to do, my darling."

Col. Preston's articulation was at this juncture suddenly impeded from the fact that two soft arms were clasped tightly round his throat, while a choking voice said, "Please, grandpa. Oh! grandpa, I should die too!"

He nestled the bright head on his bosom and softly patted its silken curls. Then wishing to change the current of sad thoughts which his words had called forth, he said cheerily, "I shall have to be like the 'stern parient' in Villikens and his Dinah, my love, and marry you out of hand! Let me see, what do you say to Tom Fairfax?"

"Too short," came from the snowy folds of the Colonel's shirt front.

"Jack Baker?"

"The world is hardly large enough for his spittoon!" laughed the front.

"Phil Reynolds?"

"Has'nt as much sense as his horses!"

"William Randolph?"

"Don't love me, and if he did I would'nt love him," and the speaker's pretty head returned to its natural position.

"Well, Miss Hard-to-please, what objections can you urge to the elegant Lionel Bratton?"

"He washes in milk of roses, perfumes his handkerchiefs with patchouli, and walks so — " and Miss Preston seized an office rule from the table near, and balancing it in the tips of her fingers as a cane, minced across the library with dainty strides.

"Sit down, you witch!" shouted the Colonel, weak from laughing at her inimitable mimicry of the dandified beau she was representing. "By George, I believe I'll marry you in despair to the Professor!" and the old gentleman wiped his eyes.

"Why, grand-pa," said the saucy girl, as she halted in an irresistibly comic attitude in front of the Colonel's chair, "I'd just as soon think of marrying a roll of vellum with pens for arms and an Encyclopedia for a head!"

"And the Bible for a bosom, you might add, Charley!" said her grand-father in a tone as nearly approaching a reproof as he ever used to his petted darling.

"That I may, grand-pa!" she said quickly,—"The new Testament, that is, for everything that is pure and gentle and lovely is

found in his heart!" and to the absolute consternation of the Colonel, Miss Charley burst into a fit of weeping, put her dainty little apron to her eyes and ran out of the room.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Colonel, with an expression of the most intense dismay. "Who can comprehed the ways of girl-kind!"

The Colonel's wonder at the ways of young femininos was still further increased by the deportment of his grand-daughter during the dinner that followed their conversation and its abrupt termination. Never, even in her childish days, when she was, as the Professor had justly termed her, the incarnation of mischief, had Miss Charley been wilder, more playful or full of mischievous mirth. Her brilliant sallies, directed indiscriminately from her delighted grand-father to the admiring Frank, who was attempting the role of a dignified and ill-used lover, were so arch and charming, that the imperturbable elegance of Uncle Jack was overcome and, on one occasion when Ben, his son and subordinate, so far forgot himself as to indulge in an audible guffaw, although the boy immediately endeavored to regain his lost ground by assuming an expression of awful solemnity, the old man took him by the collar and conveying him in that style to the rear, cuffed him soundly for the very offence which he himself had unobserved, committed. "I'll learn you manners, Sir," he said to the sobbing and repentant Benjamin. "A laffin at your marster's table!—ef you was a free nigger you could'nt do no wuss!"

Ben's ears ached during the remainder of the repast to an extent that effectually prevented a repetition of his crime, but the Professor was a greater sufferer than he. In every way that the inventive imagination of a saucy and self-willed girl could suggest, was that unfortunate gentleman roused from his normal state of placid repose, and held up to the assembled company in a style of publicity which brought actual blushes to his delicate, intellectual countenance. He bore the girl's teasing so well that she was visited with some compunctions of conscience, and after awhile desisted long enough to allow the Professor to finish his peaches and cream in comparative ease. His torments were recommenced after the completion of the meal however, when, invading the sanctity of his sitting room, she informed her victim that she had come to beard the lion in his den!

An exceedingly comfortable den it was, with its luxurious lounge and arm chairs covered with bright flowered chintz, and its large windows with white muslin curtains draped over their green shutters, and flowing in airy folds over the cool white matting. A classic picture here and there, a statue of "Helen," and several antique looking vases filled with fresh flowers, told that a softer hand than that of a man, had managed the decorations of the room, while books and manuscripts everywhere, denoted the professional character of the room, and attested the taste of its owner.—

In one corner stood one of those huge affairs of rose-wood and plate-glass, known as a bureau, to be met with in almost every old family homestead through the South, until pressing military necessities converted them into a novel and rather expensive kind of fire-wood, and on its broad top the interference of delicate hands was again visible in the pincushion with its dainty frills, and a watch stand, gorgeous with gold beads and embroidery. This piece of furniture, evidently manufactured to serve the needs of several generations of Preston's, and which it was mammy's delight to keep in a state of polish as great as beeswax, turpentine and continual rubbing could produce, was the only article in the room which suggested its occupancy as a chamber. It was one of the fancies of the Professor that a sleeping room should contain nothing but the bed of the sleeper, that one, at least, of its windows, should be left continually open, and also that it was the duty of the sleeper, as he valued a healthy existence, to pass from his morning nap to a tub of cold water, in which he was to remain for the space of twenty consecutive moments without regard to the state of the Thermometer and his personal feelings. Consequently, the apartment dedicated to the repose of this disciple of fresh air and cold water, was furnished on a scale less pretending even than that prepared by the Shunamite woman for the accommodation of the weary Prophet; and adjoining it, was the tub, or rather, tank, in which the Professor, for six calendar months, shivered in orthodox and severe suffering.

Miss Charley made herself as free with the Professor's apartment as she had done with himself, while he, seated at his desk, watched her with an amused smile as one looks at the antics of a very sprightly kitten. The young lady abused the arrangement of the curtains, one of which was twisted and tied in a knot, with an audible remark to the effect that "men are fit for nothing but to spoil pretty things!" Alluded sarcastically to the "litter-airy" disorder of the books and, with the same breath, assured the calumniated Professor that he was so particular and finicy, that he was born to be an old bachelor. Dragged a chair to the mammoth bureau and, standing upon it, took an account of stock of the Professor's razors, shaving creams, hair oils, and sweet scented soaps—enquired if it was in accordance with Grecian customs to use paté d'amands, made mouths at herself in the glass, and declared it (the mirror, it is to be presumed,) was an old fright. Then jumping down from her temporary elevation, she stood on tiptoe and looking over the shoulder of the all enduring Professor, read the sheet of manuscript before him and criticised it with caustic humor, and impudently declaring that she could write better herself. Then, fearing he might think her in earnest, she told him, leaning now on the table and looking up with very earnest eyes, that she was just beginning to know how much she

owed him for all the pains he had taken with her and Frank, and was sorry they had not profited better by his kind instructions.

"Ah!" thought the Professor, greatly astonished and quite elated at his own deep artfulness, "Now is the time to introduce Frank with a certainty of success!"

"Miss Charley," said he," you have given me pleasure far over and above whatever pains I may have taken with your education. Miss Charley—I say, Miss Charley, Frank—I intended to say that Frank—"

The young person thus thrice addressed, put her fingers into her ears, and stood for a moment like an animated statue of despair.

"Please, Professor, abolish the Franking privilege!" She pouted. "Frank! Frank! I'm fairly sick of Frank! I like him, but you know, Professor," and she made the most comic of roguish faces, "The full soul loatheth the honeycomb!"

Before the wily Professor could recover his surprise at the failure of his deep laid snare, the bird for whose captnre it had been prepared, snatched his hat from its peg and crushing it down on his head, tied on her own jaunty cap, and ordered him to escort her instanter to Broadfields.

He obeyed unhesitatingly and they strolled through the woods now in all their summer luxuriance, for, having met one of the servants belonging to Broadfields and being told the ladies were out, they turned their purposed visit into a woodland ramble.

"Professor," said Charley, as he panted by her side after attemptiug the Herculean feat of bending down the bough of a tree so as to obtain the flowers of a brilliant parasite which clung to it, "I never did see any one so changed as Camille. She was always good I thought, but now she's like some of the old Saints you read of. She's all the time doing good to somebody, and she visits the sick and poor so constantly that I asked Dr. Mason if he'd taken her into partnership with him. She is mighty sweet, but she has never been gay, since last winter—the time Frank first began this nonsense, you know—and I do feel so sorry for her!"

"She is indeed to be pitied, Miss Charley! I never knew a sadder case than hers, for you know her uncle has treated us like real friends and told us all. So young, so remarkably handsome, and so gifted, as I find from the supervision of her course of study which she was so kind as to entrust to me, and yet owing to the extreme delicacy of her position, debarred from the society she would ornament so much, and condemned to live, as it were, under a ban."

"What a wretch that husband of hers must be! I could pinch him!" and Miss Charley's fingers closed viciously on the petal of the flower she held.

"She is beautiful, is'nt she? and grows more so every day.—She's just like a queen and so unconscious! I declare, Professor, I'd give anything—one of my fingers almost—to be as pretty as Camille!"

"Miss Charley," said the Professor," do you know that I feel very like paying you a compliment?"

"Please don't!—if you did it, I should know it was true, and I might be spoiled you know!" and she twinkled her bright eyes merrily at him.

He returned their gaze with compound interest, and certainly there never was better material to warrant a compliment on female beauty.

Queenly she assuredly was not, but nothing could be more womanly or lovely than the light form which was stretched against a tree in a pose of perfect grace with its exquisite proportions fully displayed.

"Her husband is exceedingly handsome, they say," said the Professor after a pause, carrying on the discourse which his incipient compliment had interrupted.

"Pretty is as pretty does!" was the expressive rejoinder.

"Exactly. By the way, Miss Charley, I think that saying and the equally universal one of the "Snake in the grass," have one and the same origin, and that a classic and very ancient one. 'Latet anguis in herba,' you know Miss Charley!"

The words were interrupted by a scream which rang through the woods, and springing to the girl's side he saw with a horror no words can convey, its cause. She had lifted her fair arm, and there, wound round its soft surface, was a small but highly poisonous adder, with its hideous flat head, cruel eyes, and hateful open mouth from which protruded the deadly fangs it had just withdrawn from the quivering flesh.

To seize the reptile, tear it from the girl and, placing its head under his boot, crush it to a mangled mass, was the work of an instant, and then he took the arm in his two hands and examined it most anxiously. The puncture in the delicate skin was scarcely perceptible, but a discoloration had commenced around it, and a tiny thread of vivid scarlet mounting rapidly above it, showed but too plainly that the poison was beginning to diffuse itself. The Professor without a moment's hesitation unfastened the neat cravat of black silk which supported his snowy collar, and tied it with his utmost strength as a ligature around the pretty arm, now swelling rapidly. Charley lay still until he had finished, then unclosing her eyes so strangely languid now, she said faintly: "Take your pen-knife, Professor. I can bear it."

"What, my dear young lady?" he asked timidly, for he feared she had become delirious.

"Your knife," she murmured: "Cut out the place; Don't mind hurting me," and the eyes closed again.

Instead of obeying the command of the brave little thing, the Professor adopted a mode of cure, quite as successful and of more ancient origin.

Kneeling beside her, he laid the suffering arm again on the moss covered log, and stooping down, applied his lips to the scarcely perceptible wound.

In a few moments all danger to

the patient was removed, but when her heroic doctor informed her of the fact, he found that, for the first time in her young life, Charley had fainted.

Very gently and tenderly did he nurse her until life and animation returned, bringing water in his hat from the spring which gurgled near, and bathing her head and face as softly as a woman could have done. After a while she opened her eyes, looked round, and then smiled her own bright smile and sat up, herself again.

"Are you sure you are not hurt? she said anxiously. "The poison must have been very virulent!" and she shuddered.

He laughed away her fears on his account and then finding she was still uneasy, assured her in his simple, earnest manner, that he was in no danger and she was perfectly satisfied and declared her ability to walk home at once. She was not so strong as she fancied, and but for the support of the strong arm at her command she would have sunk long before she reached Southside. When they had entered its gate she stopped and said: "Professor, I owe you the heaviest debt I can ever have—my life—I do not love obligations, but—but I am willing to take it from you!" and she bent down and kissed his hand.

"Upon my life! Miss Charley" —but the Professor spoke to the air or the shrubs of Mrs. Preston's garden, for the young lady whom he addressed had disappeared from view.

Great was the consternation of the household when the Professor related the incident of the evening, and manifold the miseries to which Miss Preston was forced to submit by her anxious relative. Despite her piteous entreaties, she was put to bed almost by force of arms by her grandmother and mammy, one of whom took her station at the bedside, while the other prepared the decoctions and poison preventives which they administered to the rebellious patient. In vain did she protest that the Professor was the proper subject of their offices; Mrs. Preston heard all she had to say, and then quietly observed. "Give her the white of egg now, Patsey!"

The Colonel having relieved himself to some extent by having the fastest horse in his stable saddled by Uncle Jack under his personal supervision, and dispatched Frank on him for Dr. Mason, betook himself to the Professor's room and subjected that gentleman to a rigorous cross examination. When the Professor told of the girl's heroic request that he would cut out the infected portion, the old gentleman bounded from his chair.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "she is the greatest girl in this world. What we all owe to you, James!" and he wrung the Professor's hand and left the sentence unfinished.

Frank soon returned with Dr. Mason whom he had found at Broadfields, and with whom, and Mrs. Ester and Camille he had driven over, for any accident to Charley awakened an universal interest.

The Doctor proceeded to the chamber of the fair sufferer, who gave him and the Colonel, who

accompanied him, an indignant account of the wrongs she had suffered at the hands of her zealous nurses, repeating the remedies they had administered, and declaring they were worse than a dozen snakes. The good Doctor laughed heartily at the innovations of the two new practitioners, but relieved them from their duty, prescribed a good supper for the patient, and proposed that Camille should remain with her for the night. "And mind, 'Mandy," continued the genial physician to the young female who stood fanning her young mistress, "if those girls don't go to sleep at the proper time, but go to talking half the night, do you go and tell your mistress!"

'Mandy giggled, curtseyed, and gave the required promise.

The next morning saw Miss Preston, as fresh as itself, at the breakfast table, looking just as usual though a trifle paler, while she carried her pretty arm in a sling.

She experienced no other inconvenience from her accident, except that she declared she could not refrain from hissing when she read certain of the daily newspapers, and felt an irresistible inclination to bite when she thought of the approaching Presidential election.

Her fellow actor in the drama of the snake in the grass, was less fortunate, for he began to change for the worse almost from the day of its occurrence.

There was no tangible disorder other than a sort of failing of the entire man, but this was sufficiently distressing, and though in his gentle way he besought his kind friends not to trouble themselves on his account, they became seriously alarmed, and Dr. Mason's services were again called into requisition. The Professor submitted, with a lamb-like meekness, to all the doctor's questioning, punching in the ribs, and even application of the stethoscope, and actually allowed an examination of his month to assure the Colonel that none of the poison had been therein secreted. Doctor Mason, with preternatural gravity, desired the martyr to complaisance to hold back his head and open his mouth, which being done, he proceeded to the grave discharge of his office.

"I can find nothing here, Colonel," he said, after gazing admiringly on the two rows of dazzingly white teeth submitted to his inspection, "but gums and a tongue in a perfectly healthful condition, and a set of teeth which may defy a legion of dentists!"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I'm glad of it, but I wish we could cure him!"

This wish was re-echoed by the entire household, as the days went on, and the amiable gentleman who had endeared himself to every member of it, grew weaker and sadder, though with a patient disregard of self, he said there was little the matter with him and he would soon be well.

For the first time in his life, he did not keep a promise, and Mrs. Preston and mammy began to look grave, shake their heads, and mutter oracular sentences when his condition was discussed.

All the servants were deeply interested, and none more so than

the dignified Major Domo, Uncle Jack. That functionary was one morning assisting at the toilette of his master, talking as was his wont, and his discourse turned upon the Professor.

"I tell you Sir," he said, as he applied the well lathered brush to the Colonel's chin till it was covered with creamy foam, "I ain't satisfied with the Professor's action at all Sir! He's nothing like himself and dissembles the statute."

"The what, Jack?" said the Colonel as well as he could through the soap suds.

"De statute, Sir—one o' them marble men at the Capitol in Washington, and I'se o' the opinion that something's in his systemaction, Sir."

Uncle Jack lingered over the last word with a loving tone, for it was one of his delights to use words of high sound, without regard to their sense or signification, being, as Charley termed him, a dictionary in an unknown tongue.

A prudent regard to his upper lip, over which the razor was now gliding, prevented the Colonel's reply and Jack continued.

"Now Master, I'se 'quainted with a very nonsequented thing that'll reach the Professor's state and retract it. Patsey she say she can bile bonset, and aggrimony, and aleicanpane, and cammomile, and flavor it with spirits o'turpentine, and cure him with less than a quart of recoction.—But I ain't got no use for such truck. When a gemman looks peaked like the Professor does, that gemman is conjured I say, and all the yarbs on the yearth can't desist him."

"Well Jack, how to get him unconjured, that's the question."

"That's as easy as falling off a log, Sir. Just let the Professor steal a gold ring."

"Mr. Stuart steal a ring!—what do you mean, you black rascal—you are in your dotage!" shouted the Colonel, jumping up to the imminent peril of his chin.

"I aiu't a rascal," was the pompous reply of the offended witchfinder, "and as for dotage—y'ou'se two years older than I is anyhow!"

"That's true Jack—many's the time I've fought for you when we were boys on the strength of those two years! I did'nt mean to abuse you, but what do you mean by talking that way of the Professor?"

"Marster, he was just to make 'blieve to steal de ring or de charm would'nt expel, Sir. Yes Sir, you did fight for me many a time and I ain't a gwine to forget it, Sir! If he 'stracts the ring from a lady and wraps it in a toad's skin with piece o' his own hair pinned in a leaf tore out o' the Bible and the witch o' Endor, and hides it in de dark o' the room in de tree what the snake come out o' and then goes to bed back'ards without saying his prayers, it 'll cure him sartain. There's your coat, Sir," and he presented the glossy broadcloth.

"Well Jack, you can tell him, but I think he'll say the remedy 's worse than the disease! Bring me that coat I wore last night.

"De one wid brass buttons, Sir?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, while Jack bustled to the wardrobe and returned with the garment, which he had long looked on as the climax of Sartorial skill.

The old gentleman looked at it a while, and breaking into a laugh, he said, "I'm too old for such varieties now, Jack, you old dandy—take the coat, and when Miss Charley's married I'll send to Richmond and get a finer one!"

"Thankee, master—your sarvent Sir—there ain't nothing like a real gentleman after all, Sir, and de manner is more'n de coat! Sir, won't Patsey be proud, Sir!" and the entranced and animated ebony waddled off with his treasure folded to his capacious chest.

When the Colonel would require the new one, which depended on the occasion of Miss Charley's marriage, was a question which was of absorbing interest to the family in general, and Mr. Frank Lee in particular. The time for that young gentleman's return to Richmond was drawing rapidly on, and one bright afternoon he held the Professor to his promise to press his suit with his cousin and obtain her consent. The Professor pressed his hand wearily to his forehead, while a flush rose to his wan face which, in its perfect regularity of feature and deathly paleness, well justified Uncle Jack's comparison. He rose, however, at once, and said, "I will try, Frank," and walked out to the library where Miss Preston was reading.

She made a pretty picture as she sat in her dress of bright pink muslin, ornamented with some of her grand-mother's old lace, on a cushion which was placed on the broad sill of one of the windows, with a book in her pretty hand and her eyes fastened intently on its page.

As the Professor approached, she looked up with a beaming smile, and compressing the light folds of her dress, made room for him by her side. He did not take advantage of her offer, but drew up a great chair just in front of her, and seated himself in it.

"What book is it, Miss Charley," he said, "that is more attractive than the prospect before you? I never saw Southside looking so lovely—nor appreciated so deeply the charms of my happy, happy home, "he added as it were to himself."

"I have been looking out," she replied as she closed the book, "and I picked up the 'Courtship of Miles Standish,' and began to read just where I opened. Where John Alden goes to court Priscilla by proxy for old Miles, you know."

"I remember," said the Professor, as with the skill of a veteran campaigner he rapidly took in all the points of the situation and used them to his advantage, "and I am precisely in John's place—at least the case is reversed, for I come to plead the cause of young Frank," and the Professor ended his sentence with a smothered sigh.

"You too!" said Miss Charley with a glance of pitiful remonstrance, which did not tend to make the position of the Professor more pleasant.

"I promised Frank, Miss

Charley. He is a noble youth and he loves you."

"But I don't love him, Professor, and never shall!"

"Do you love any one else, Miss Charley? Pardon me," he said, as the girl sprang from the window and stood by him with a crimson face, "I asked, because in that case, Frank desired me to say he withdrew his suit. Miss Charley, I am very miserable"—and he took her hand, "very, very wretched! Miss Charley, Frank wants this hand—will you give it to him? I am going away, going to leave Southside and go wandering some where. After you are married I may be able to come back, but I cannot stay to see it."

"Going to leave us—Oh! Professor, I have made you angry, and I'm so sorry!" and her soft lips trembled like those of a grieved child, while she covered her eyes with both hands.

"Angry!" he exclaimed, as he rose and stood by her, "Oh! if that were all! Miss Charley, I've tried to bind myself in honor not to tell you, but I cannot help it! The only feeling I have for you is an intense love, which is interwoven with my very life! Nay, do not upbraid me"—as she trembled violently and turned half from him. "I feel that all you can say would not be half sufficient punishment for my presumption. I did try, Miss Charley, on my honor I did—I have suspected my love for a long time, but on that day in the woods when you were suffering, I knew it. Ever since I have striven to crush my most hopeless love, and succeeded in subduing all outward manifestation—but some how it has re-acted on my health, and I am not what I was. Forgive me." He had turned very white, and now sank down in the chair, weak and exhausted.

Miss Charley walked up to it, and kneeling down beside it, she slipped both of her little warm hands into the cold pair which lay listlessly on his knee, "Professor," she said, "I give them to you but not for Frank!"

He raised them to his lips, and then with a violent effort of self control, put them from him: "You are too good," he said, "but I cannot permit such an act of self sacrifice. You pity me, and to make my happiness, are willing to destroy your own. No, no, beautiful and beloved child, I will not shadow your path—God bless you and make you happy—and teach me how to live without you!"

"Professor," she began, but the words cost her a great effort, "I do pity you."

"Oh!" he cried in the tone of one who has received a sharp blow, "I knew it! Charley! Charley!" and he grasped her hands and drew her up to him as he rose with her, "pity will not answer the needs of my love. Child, child, I love you! I love you! Oh! I cannot be content with your pity as a return for my love!"

"Pity is'nt all!" she said with a momentary return of her sparkling sauciness.

"Would to Heaven I could think so!" he groaned while a mist came over his eyes.

"Professor," she said, with a sweet, earnest dignity, "I will show you my very heart, and if you still misjudge it, I will shut it up forever. Ever since I can remember, you have been to me what no one else on earth was—I honor and reverence you next to my God!—Pity you! Professor, I—I—I love you!" and her bright eyes said more than the words.

The Professor's reply was not a particularly original one, but its effect was sufficiently marked, and attested that all fears on the score of pity were completely allayed. Taking his treasure, now invested with a womanly timidity which was wonderfully charming, to the broad seat at the window, the "Courtship of Miles Standish" was ignominiously expelled to make room for one far more interesting to the actors therein.

"My darling," said the Professor, "my heart overflows with its happiness—will you join me in an ascription of thankfulness to Him who has given it?"

"Ah!" she whispered softly, "you always teach me my duty!"

He folded his hands over hers and a thanksgiving went up, not the less fervent in that it was unexpressed.

Sometime later when Col. Preston, who had a letter to write for the evening's mail, raised the curtain which fell over "Charley's corner," in order to admit as much light as possible, he saw a picture which caused him to disbelieve the evidence of his senses. There sat the grave and dignified Professor laughing with the glee of a boy, and nestled on his shoulder was Miss Charley's shiny head, while her bright eyes were looking at him with an expression of the most tender and confiding love.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished Colonel. "James! Charley!"

The Professor rose, and gathering Charley still closer in his arms, took her to her bewildered grand-father. "Colonel," said he, "will you give her to me?"

"That I will and my estate too!" was the emphatic reply. "Why, bless my life, this is what I longed for, but did not dare to hope! Charley, child, I'm so glad!" and another pair of arms was twined round that young lady, who stood the prettiest object ever thus enfolded.

"Grand-pa," she said softly, "we are very happy!"

"So am I, my darling," and the old gentleman kissed her pink cheek.

"But Charley," he continued with mock solemnity, "you know you will do James 'an injury' if you marry him without loving him in the right way!—Do you love him in the right way?"

"He knows," was the roguish reply, as Miss Charley slipped lightly out of the quartette of encircling arms and took her blushes and herself out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NUT-BEARING TREES.

Nuts and fruits undoubtedly constituted the food of the early inhabitants of the earth. It was not until the human race was two thousand years old, that God gave them the permission to eat animal food.

To Adam he gave every fruit-bearing tree and every herb bearing seed, and said, this shall be your food; but to Noah, he said, "Even as the green herb have I given you every moving thing that liveth; to you it shall be for meat." In those glorious old days, when the earth was fresh and unexhausted, the antedeluvian sages walked amid their lofty groves, the trees of which dropped at their feet their daily food.

When Enoch's friends dined with him, their dinner did not consist of soups, roasts and stews. If it had, one of the early men of renown would have been, not Jubal, whose harp and organ filled the new and beautiful world with melody—not Tubal-Cain, whose artistic creations in metal sent his name down the vista of ages to immortality—not Jabal, who taught his sons to dot the green plains with tents, and cover the rich meadows with flocks and herds—but a physician, whose pills and lotions should ease the aching head and uneasy stomach, and who would have been characterized, as the "father of all such as administer drugs and apply plasters."

No, Enoch's guests, hearty gentlemen of six and eight hundred years of age, dined upon

—"fruits of all kinds, in coat,
"Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,"
"She (some fair Eve, Adah or Zillah) gathers tribute large; and
"On the board heaps with unsparing hand; for drink,
"The grape, she crushes, inoffensive must, and meathes from
"Many a berry; and from sweet kernels pressed she tempers
"Dulcet creams."—

How nice it would have been to have dined with Enoch!

Long after the permission was given to eat "every moving thing that liveth," there was issued a divine law to the effect that no fruit-bearing trees, in scripture language, "trees for meat" should be destroyed. Even in time of war, no plea of "military necessity" that most unanswerable of pleas, was admitted for such destruction; for, said the only perfectly wise Law-giver, "the tree of the field is man's life." The presents carried down by the twelve sons of Jacob to the dreaded ruler of Egypt, were spices, honey, *nuts and almonds.* The "nuts" referred to, as distinct from almonds, were probably Persian walnuts, which form one of the staple commodities of the East.

In Ecclesiastes we find the following verse:

"I went down into the *garden of nuts*, to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomgranates budded."

The garden of nuts seemed to have been part of the "home arrangements" of Solomon's luxu-

ious residences. In those wonderful mounds recently opened around Kertch,* in the Crimea, where tombs have been opened to the light of the sun, which have lain in darkness and silence for near three thousand years, the dead are found with walnuts in the hands, which have fallen to dust around them, and near them are also found bottles of wine, which, in some cases, still retain a small portion of the ruby liquid. It was the custom of the age and people to place food beside the dead. The Greeks called chestnuts and other nuts by a name signifying "to eat" and from this word is derived our botanical name, Fagus, which is still applied to some nut-bearing trees.

Learned men of the present day are much exercised about the kind and quantity of food necessary to produce the greatest amount of muscular strength and health.—The British and other European periodicals abound in articles on "Food and Drink." "The relation of food to muscular strength," &c. Blackwood's last gives a funny poem on "The true Regimen for Irish Evils" which ends with

"Oh! a very fine matter is good Legislation
And a very fine matter is good Education:
But to make people thriving, contented and quiet,
'Tis a *sine qua non* to begin—with their DIET."

They tell you that Prussia owes her recent victories to her knowledge of the food necessary to put strength and nerve into her soldiers, and they nearly all agree in insisting on large quantities of animal food.

One of the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* says, "It is scarcely necessary here to insist upon the value of animal food to all classes of consumers. Its absence is noted by a lowered physique, its presence by superior tone and vigor. Those who study the vital statistics of the nation can place their fingers, guided by pathological indications, upon years of high price, which, to a very large class of the community are years of virtual scarcity, and consequently of increased debility and disease."

This is probably true of people whose food is almost exclusively bread and meat, for when the meat is withdrawn the bread alone is not sufficient to support health and strength; but if they had, like the inhabitants of southern Europe, olive yards and vineyards, and like the Persians, innumerable groves of nut trees, we doubt if the absence of animal food would be noted by anything except absence of disease. For, notwithstanding the arguments of these learned gentlemen, we can never forget the fact, that the armies of the 1st Napoleon were composed of the simply reared peasants of France, whose food usually consists of coarse bread, salads, olive-oil and wine. The Russian grenadiers are celebrated for their splendid physique, and are thus described by an English tourist as long ago as 1779. "They are the finest body of men I ever saw. Not a man under six feet high.

* Antiquities of Kertch. and Researches in the Cimmerian Bosphorus. By D. McPherson, M. D., London.

Their rations consist of eight pounds of black bread (made from the whole grain) four pounds of oil, and one pound of salt for eight days." "In 1854, when the Russians surprised the world by standing against the combined forces of France and England, on the bloody field of Alma, dead Russians were found with their rations in their knapsacks, and these rations were simply bread saturated with oil.

But of all the men who have ever lived, the Spartans have gained the greatest distinction for enduring strength and invincible courage. At their public tables, each individual was required to furnish one bushel of flour, eight measures of wine, five pounds of cheese and two and a half pounds of figs per month. Bread, wine, cheese and figs, was the food of the Spartan heroes: and the Greeks all lived chiefly upon vegetable food. For beauty of person, superiority of mind, artistic taste and skill, physical strength and courage, has any people ever surpassed them. So, with all due respect for Liebig and his brother chemists, with their theories regarding nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods, we are compelled to think that the striking fact of the great longevity of people before the Flood, and the immediate shortening of life attendant on the commencement of the use of animal food after it, has not been sufficiently considered, or more probably, *believed*, by modern scholars. Noah lived nine hundred and fifty years, but Abraham only one hundred and seventy-five years, and the decline gradually went on until in our day, thirty years is the average life of a generation.

These theories, however being only theories, bring us to the conclusion of St. Paul in such matters. "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind."—Our Savior himself taught that no *spiritual* defilement can be caused by food.

But to our proper subject—nut-bearing trees—"trees for meat."

CASTANEA VESCA.—Called by Linnæus, Fagus Castanea, the Fagus being as before remarked, derived from a Greek word signifying "to eat." Castanea was the name of a city in Thessaly, whence the Romans first procured the chesnut, which was grown so abundantly by the ancients.—It is so common in France and Italy that it is often considered a native of those countries. The great chesnut forests of the Apennines furnish a large portion of the food of the peasantry at this day. A sweet and highly nutritious flour is prepared from them which makes a delicious bread.—The Rev. Mr. D. of South Carolina, being in Italy when the peasants were gathering their harvest of nuts, and being surprised at the immense quantities of them, asked what use they made of them. "They live upon them" was the answer. "Indeed," replied Mr. D. "I should not fancy being confined to chestnuts as food."

"Yet I have been told" replied the Italian "that the South Carolinians live principally upon rice, and the Irish upon potatoes, and if

I were compelled to make a choice of one of the three, I should prefer chesnuts decidedly." They are also much used in other European countries. A traveller writing from Heidelberg, says "Chesnuts here form a favorite dish with all classes, and I will confess that I have scarcely found a German diet that I relish better." Mr. Phillips, says (Pomarium Brit. page 95.) "Chesnuts stewed with cream make a much admired dish, and many families prefer them to all other stuffing for turkeys. They also make an excellent soup." If the superstition that the food produced by long-lived plants is conducive to longevity, has any foundation in truth, then the peasants who live upon chesnuts ought to live to great age, for chesnut trees have been known to live a thousand years. The great Tortworth chesnut, at Tortworth in the county of Gloucester, England, is mentioned by Mr. Aikins in his history of that county, as a famous tree in King John's reign, and Evelyn in his "Sylva" states that it was called, even in King Stephen's time, the "great Tortworth chesnut." In 1772 Lord Ducie had a painting made of it —it measured fifty-seven feet in circumference. Another celebrated chesnut is that at Marsham, Norfolk county, England, which is calculated to be over a thousand years old. But neither of these are so well known as the famous tree on Mt. Etna, which has excited the surprise of travellers for ages. In 1770 this tree measured two hundred and four feet in circumference. When visited by M. Houel, it was in a state of decay, having lost a greater part of its branches, and its trunk was entirely hollow. A house was actually built inside of this immense hollow tree (see Arboretum Brit.) and some country people lived in it with an oven, in which, according to the custom of the country, they dried chestnuts, filberts, and other fruits which they wished to preserve for winter's use. Kircher, in 1670, affirms that a large flock of sheep might be folded in the famous Etna chestnut. This tree was standing, a mere wreck however of its former greatness, in 1844.

The Spanish chestnut is more than twice as large as the common variety, but far inferior in sweetness. It is, however, delicious when cooked, and the number of delicate dishes prepared from it, is suprising to an American traveller. It grows readily from the nut, produces in about seven years, and thrives well in this country. "There is one at Presque Isle, the residence of Wm. Denning, Esq., in Dutchess Co., N. Y. which some years ago was over forty feet high." Young trees of both kinds can be procured from the nurseries, and for beauty as a lawn tree, there are few things superior to the chestnut. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* records an instance of an old man over sixty years of age, who planted a chestnut orchard and lived to enjoy its fruits. It would be very easy to plant a cultivated field in chestnuts, putting them from forty to sixty feet asunder, and placing a small stake to mark where each nut is planted. The field could then be

continued in cultivation for eight or ten years, in which period, the chestnut crop might reasonably be expected. The nuts, if planted in the fall, very soon after being taken from the burr, and lightly covered—from half to three quarters of an inch—will grow as easily as a grain of corn, and if cultivated afterwards, they grow rapidly. When Col. Buckner of Ga., gathers from a single acre, in a single season, $1400 worth of apples, what might we expect from an acre of full grown chestnut trees.

The prophet Ezekiel, in describing the glory of Assyria, under the similitude of a fine tree, says, "Not any tree in the garden of the Lord was like unto him in his beauty;—the *chestnut trees* were not like his branches."

CARYA ALBA. — Shell-bark hickory. This tree furnishes the most delicious of all nuts, and is the only hickory nut with a shell thin enough to yield to the nut crackers. Some other varieties of hickory produce a fine kernel, but the shell is so thick, they require almost a sledge hammer to break them. There is much difference of size in the shell-bark, and we have been told of a tree growing on Crooked Creek, Union county, N. C., on the farm of Mr. Stuart, which bears a nut as large, and with a shell as thin as the English walnut. This is one of the most picturesque and graceful of trees, making splendid park trees, either singly or in groups. They require rich mellow soil, and as they are difficult to transplant, it is best to plant the nuts where they are to grow, which they do readily and the growth is rapid when everything is suitable.

CARYA OLIVEFORMUS.—This is the well known and highly prized Pecan nut, (Pecanier of the French.) The tree is large and beautiful, the leaves are much narrower than those of any other species of hickory.

The pecan forests of Texas furnish large quantities of those rich and symmetrical nuts to the market of New Orleans, whence they are shipped to Europe, where they are said to bring a higher price than any other nut. It grows from the seed and will come into bearing in twelve or fifteen years. It is a fine fruit, but inferior in flavor to the Southern Shell-bark. There is one bearing in the capitol grounds at Washington.

CORYLUS AVELLANA.—Hazelnut and Filbert. These hardy little trees are found growing wild both in Europe and America—that is, the hazelnut, for the filbert is only the hazelnut improved by cultivation. They can be reared with less trouble than any other nut, as the tree soon attains its growth and comes into bearing. They are grown from the nuts, or from layers, and are usually planted in rows ten, fifteen or twenty feet apart. In Kent Co., Eng., they never suffer them to rise higher than six feet, regularly pruning them, in the manner of the gooseberry bush. They have here extensive filbert orchards whence the London market is supplied. These orchards are very numerous within a few miles of the fine old town of Maidstone, (which lies so beautifully on a slope

in the central vale of Kent, and contains so many curious old houses, and one of the largest and finest ancient parish churches in England.) We can imagine the beauty, and picturesqueness of the scene, when the rosy English lads and lasses gather their filbert crops; and the fancy travels from the trimly-cut rows of filberts, to the lofty pecan forests of Texas, where the planter's children, and the little negroes, mingle their shouts of glee as the brown nuts patter down upon the springy, virgin soil.

There are several varieties of filbert,—the white-skinned, the red-skinned, the cluster-nut and the cobnut—the last being a very large fine variety. The trees begin to bear in four or five years from the seed.

CASTANEA PUMILA.—Chinquapin or Dwarf Chestnut. This tree is small, not attaining more than twenty or thirty feet, even in the most favorable situations, and bearing usually at the height of four or five feet. A tree growing in Hopewell, Mecklenburg co., N. C., produces fruit twice as large as the common kind. It is well worthy of cultivation, but the people of the South have hitherto been so indifferent to the productions of their own country, that the experiment has yet to be tried. The nuts sell readily—school-boys particularly being always eager to buy them. When Charlotte becomes as old a town as Maidstone in Kent, perhaps the chinquapin orchards, will bloom and fruit around it, as the filbert orchards now do around that quaint and lovely old English borough. The bloom of the chinquapin, like that of the chestnut is a soft, amber hued catkin, with a delicate perfume.

JUGLANS NIGRA.—The black walnut is a most graceful tree—none superior to it, and the nuts are rich in oil, but rather strong in flavor. They grow easily, and in great abundance in the Southern States.

It is amongst nuts what bacon is amongst meats—strong and greasy. The shell-bark is as delicate as fresh cream, the Pecan is next in delicacy, the Persian (or English) walnut next, and then our hardy native black species.

It is very productive. The country lads of the South store them away for winter's use by the wagon load—and they are a delicious ingredient in the home made candy, the manufacture of which affords such frolics in the winter evenings. Jack, Harry and Tom think walnut candy quite as good as the most expensive French, and the fun of seeing and assisting at the making, enhances, ten fold, its value. To show the ease with which they are cultivated, we give the following from a correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*.

"I planted the nuts in the fall soon after they fell, with a hoe about two inches deep. They grew rapidly and in six or seven years from the planting, they began to bear. I have since planted two acres west of my house. It would be better to plow the land deeply before planting."

Another correspondent of the same paper says, he planted five acres in walnuts in 1843, and in

1858, fifteen years after, some of his trees were thirty-five feet in height.

JUGLANS REGIA.—The English walnut grows as easily and as rapidly as the black, and is also a splendidly picturesque and graceful tree. "It has strong claims upon the landscape gardener, being one of the grandest and most massive trees he can employ in his beautiful art. When full grown, it is scarcely inferior, in the boldness of its ramification, or the amplitude of its head, to the oak or chestnut; and what it lacks, in spirited outline, when compared with those trees, is fully compensated, in our estimation, by its superb and heavy masses of foliage, which catch and throw off the broad lights and shadows in the finest manner," (Downing's Landscape Gardening.) In France extensive orchards of this nut are planted, and large quantities are sold in all the markets of Europe. In Persia it is one of the staple commodities, and quantities of oil are there manufactured from it. It grows in many parts of the South and bears abundantly, but is an exotic of course. The nut is fine for the table, but not equal to the Shellbark and Pecan.—There are several varieties of the Persian walnut. "A tree of the 'Titmouse' or 'Thinshelled' variety (*Juglans regia tenera*) is standing on the premises of Col. Peter Force, of Washington City. This tree in 1855, was forty-five feet in height (twenty years from the planting) and bearing abundance of excellent nuts." It begins to bear in eight or ten years from planting the seed. In Persia the most highly prized variety is the 'Kaghazi' which there sell at four cents per hundred. The shell is almost as thin as paper—easily broken by the hand. It is also the largest variety. A single tree will produce 25,000 nuts.

About 1,150,000 pounds of walnut kernels are annually consigned to the oil press in Cashmere, producing a large amount of oil and cake, of much value. They are much used also as an article of food. (Patent Office Report.)

We have now noticed seven varieties of most valuable nut-bearing trees, the Chestnut, the Shell-bark, the Pecan, the Black and Persian Walnuts, the Filbert and Chinquapin. To plant them would be an outlay of but little time and money—the young growing trees will scarcely interfere with your crops, and we think it probable that one acre of full bearing Chestnut, Shell-bark, Pecan or Persian walnut trees, would yield more profitably than any acre of cotton, rice, or sugar-cane that ever grew. And some of them continue to bear, without cultivation, for hundreds of years. The Tortworth Chestnut must be near a thousand years old—as it was standing before the Conquest, and the one at Marsham still older.

The almond (Amygdalus communius) could be grown in this country with proper care. It flourishes in the neighborhood of Paris, where the winter climate is almost, if not quite, as severe as that of Washington City. It however requires a particular kind of soil, deep, dry and sandy

or calcareous. They will grow in any soil not too moist, but they do not flourish as they do in the soil best suited to them. It yields, in bearing years, about twenty pounds to a tree, which at 30 cents per pound, would amount to at least $1,000, to an acre.—The sweet, soft shelled variety (Amande a coque molle, of France) is the most highly prized.

The trees can be obtained from any nurseryman, and they also grow readily from the nuts, if they are fresh.

The delicious cocoanut, pistachio and other tropical nuts do not suit our climate, and we will not trouble our readers with them. They are interesting to the botanist, and to the general reader, but not to the practical agriculturist of this latitude.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

The days passed into weeks and the weeks into months. The winter snows came and went, now burying the landscape under its bleaching purity, then leaving it green and sodden as if a spring dwelt beneath each little blade of grass, ready to pour forth a sparkling rill at the touch of a butterfly's step. The usual farming operations went on;—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Mother had much spinning and weaving done, brought out a new carpet from the loom for the dining-room, the old one being cut in pieces and distributed about the premises. I trained more vines on the walls, essaying a tropical creeper which I induced to flourish after many efforts, and prided myself no little upon the garden which produced the largest hearts-ease and most brilliant dahlias in the neighborhood.

My mother insisted upon my accompanying her in her tea-drinkings with her neighbors, and as the little ones seemed to fancy me and we could always slip into some quiet corner for the story-telling that they always exacted from me, I did not object. The older girls, near my own age kept shy of me, expressing it as their opinion that Mary Ashburton was so old of her years and so far off from them that they could never feel at ease with her or as if she was like them, for all she was so smart at housekeeping and could make such pies and bread.

Sometimes they came to see us, when I entertained them as well as I could, showing them my flowers, my various little arrangements, even my new dresses, if I happened to have any, and

* Continued from page 418.

thought the exhibition would interest them. This seemed to gain them somewhat, though the distance remained between us. I did not need them.and never sought to affiliate with them in any degree, for though many of our pursuits were the same, our tastes were dissimilar. I don't think they found my company more congenial, though I always strove to exhibit a friendly feeling towards all with whom I was thrown.

I studied much, that is I seized upon every spare moment as an opportunity for mental improvement, picking up information wherever it was to be obtained, learning from every object in nature to adore the Creator of all the beauty I enjoyed so intensely. I arose early with a song of praise and thanksgiving in my heart for the loveliness with which He had clothed the earth, and I sang among the birds and flowers, feeling myself to be one almost with my blithe companions, working briskly with hoe and spade.

Thus passed my days; so passéd away the spring and half the summer till ——.

One evening we were seated out before the door, enjoying the pleasant breeze that sprang up after the heat of the day. Knitting in hand, I was seated on my bench under the honeysuckle, when a cloud of dust up the road attracted our attention, and presently a carriage emerged into view.

"It is young Chauncey; he returns to-day," said father, feeling in his pocket for his knife with which he intended to whittle the empty spool mother had just put down.

I started and half arose with the violent beat my heart gave when his name was mentioned.—He was home then. Oh! what happiness to be near him again—to feel that he was there. An exquisite sense of perfect content stole over me; the *something* that I missed when he was absent, was there, and a comparative happiness was mine. New life seemed to animate me;—I felt so joyous that I could have sung out with heart's delight. I felt the light stealing to my eyes, the color to my cheek, my whole being radiant with happiness.

Near him again! see him again! The birds seemed to sing more sweetly, the meadows greener, the bleating lambs and the tinkle of the distant bells more melodious; all the varied charms of evening life had tenfold . their harmony, because I felt that he was near me again. Near, and yet so distant, an ocean might have separated us—but I did not think of that on this, the first evening of his return; I gave myself up to the pleasure of feeling that he was near me.

That evening I was at my old post; looking past the garden, over the fields, across the park.—It was late when his light appeared at the window, the window that had been dim and pale ever since his departure, as the light had gone out from my heart.—Yes, I pictured the happy, rëunited family; the group in the porch gazing up at the lovely summer night, his hands in those of his parents while he made them laugh

and almost weep by turns as he told them of his various college scrapes and unwonted privations.

I could fancy it all till it seemed as if I were of the group too, so real it grew to my active imagination. I sat by the window for hours, hearing the katydid chirrupping in the grass beneath, the piercing treble of a concert of small insects from the meadow, in which the lonely frog threw his deep bass violin note; the fire-flies illuminating the silvery air flashing past me and sparkling like gems in the folds of my curtain. I wondered at the stars, wandering among them in fancy, and if Alfred had the same thoughts at the same hour till the distance between us appeared to vanish and we were beings of the same sphere. To be sure every dictate of prudence had vanished also that night in the sudden, tumultuous joy that his return had given. I saw him ride out next day, galloping down the road with a party of gentlemen. Again and again I saw him on horseback with gay parties, in the fields, on the road, at church. Close confinement to study had thinned and paled him, but he looked all the more elegant and interesting, his light hair waving up from a forehead where the blue veins were more perceptible than they had been before. We never spoke, for I always shyly drew back when he came near me, never feeling the social distance between us as I did then; preferring to associate alone with him in imagination rather than sustain the rude shock reality would force upon me of an awakening from my dreams; his grave, distant bow, my own shy awkwardness in returning it.

Once he came to visit us, to pay his respects, he said, to his father's old friend, Mr. Ashburton, wishing to see his among the other kind, familiar faces that greeted his return. Like a frightened bird I ran out of the room when I saw him coming, and remained out during his visit, my heart palpitating with the desire to return, yet too shy to do so.

"Alfred Channcey asked for you, Mary," said mother when he was gone and I had returned to the dining-room.

"Asked for me, mother?" I repeated, my face burning as with coals of fire.

"Yes," replied mother, rocking away in her chair and drawing her thread through the wax repeatedly, "he asked me if my daughter was well, and that meant you, of course, as I had no other. I thought of making you come back, but you're such a shy thing that I concluded it was best not to trouble you."

Dear, matter-of-fact mother! how little she knew of her daughter's heart, the deep, sacrificial love that burned with a pure, steady flame on its altar, rendering her life a sorrow almost before it had begun.

CHAPTER IV.

Thus it went on from year to year. He came every summer and went after his vacation of six weeks, winning honors for him-

self at college, taking the highest it could confer, far outstripping his competitors and rendering them at home more proud than ever of their promising son. Mine too thrilled with inward delight at his success, though it removed him yet farther from me with my homely occupations, fluttering like a poor little robin in its native woods or a meek violet in a bed of loftier flowers, while he went out into the world to receive its homage. Sometimes we met and spoke; he in his grave, gentlemanly way, scarcely hearing the words that issued in reply from my timid lips.

At length it was said that his education was completed, that he would leave home no more to live, but would stay and assist his father. This was a disappointment to him, so said the same authority, for he had preferred a professional career, but seeing where the wishes of his parents lay, he had laid aside his own, in obedience to theirs.

The elder Mr. Chauncey was becoming quite a sufferer from gout and dyspepsia as age crept upon him, and the support of his son's arm appeared to be a proud necessity for him at times, in their rambles around the place, or in walking up the church aisle. I believe he leant a little more than was necessary that he might have the pleasure of looking up to him and making him feel that dependence upon his youth and strength was his pride and delight. His figure had been tall and erect like his son's, but now he bent his head almost to the young man's shoulder, so that the light, curling locks of the one mingled with the grey hairs of the other, while his looks seemed to say proudly, "my son, sir," to all whom he might meet.

So how could Alfred do otherwise than remain with him in his somewhat monotonous country life, dutifully setting aside the impulse to more vigorous action and highly stimulated ambition, natural to so young a man.

The elder Chauncey, though naturally a very haughty man, yet for public motives, especially at election times, would frequently unbend himself to his inferiors; so much so as almost to sacrifice true dignity of character. He was a prominent politician in that section, had once filled an important position in his country's governmental assembly, and since then had been very active in canvassing at election times throughout that district for such of his political friends as he had been a party in nominating. Then became he particularly condescending to his neighbors, dropping the ceremonious title and addressing them by the familiar appellation of "Jones" or "Smith," as the case might be. Dinners were given at the Grove, at which Mr. Chauncey did *not* preside. I was always ashamed of father, who in common with the neighbors, denounced the pride of the Chaunceys, fiercely declaring behind his back, that they would not submit to be the footballs of the clever politician, yet was weak enough to show an inward gratification when the periodical invitation was extended to him. He would come in with a great show of dignity

and self-importance but half concealed.

"Margaret," he would say, "I wish you would brush my best suit, as I dine at Chauncey's (here I drew back with the blood burning in my face) to-morrow.

So it always ended in the politic Mr. Chauncey's doing as he willed with these fierce denunciators of his pride, who, after all, were only too glad of his flattering notice. He won father by frequently appealing to him for his opinion on such and such matters, making him feel that his coadjutorship was all essential to the adroit politician at the time. As a child I was too simple to understand the springs of action and wondered why, if Mr. Chauncey was such a friend as father seemed to think him, he did not come to see him more, when father was called so often to the Grove, and why Mrs. Chauncey never came to see mother, but as I grew older, and understood matters, especially as admiration for Alfred taught me self-respect, I regarded this toadying with bitter shame.

But Alfred was always proud in his bearing, maintaining a certain dignified reserve that repelled familiarity and kept the most confident at a respectful distance, yet he was kind and gentle too.—Nothing in my eyes could exceed his manner and appearance altogether, while his heart was as noble as his exterior, as we had varied means of ascertaining.

In the meantime I was growing into a woman myself, had now a woman's power of reasoning and self-control. I saw with alarm how far my childish admiration had carried me, was able to judge of its dangers, and strive—in vain—to curb my feelings. Alas! I might as well have attempted to keep my flowers from looking to sun, my vines from clinging to the wall up which they had crept, as disentangle —— enough! So long as things remained in this state, there was no apparent danger, but could they *always* continue so?

MIZPAH.

BY PHŒNIX.

Watch, Father, watch between us when apart;
Note day by day,
The upward yearnings of each human heart,
To find Thy way.

While 'midst the billows of Life's stormy sea,
Show us the reef;
And if we strike, teach us to look to Thee,
For sure relief.

Life is so up-hill. Here and there are rocks,
Our feet must tread;
Let them not be, oh! God, rude stumbling blocks,
But helps instead.

Kind helps, though rude, that make us stop and think,
How dear the prize
Reserv'd for us beyond this earthly brink,
In Paradise.

Make us so true and firm that each shall find,
Howe'er the day
May break or wane, something so dear and kind,
To do or say.

Thus may the years of our brief pilgrimage,
Allotted here,
Pass sweetly on, until Thy golden age,
At length appear.

SOUTHERN HOMESTEADS.

EYRE HALL.

THOSE two syllables will greet many an ear like an echo from Old Virginia halcyon days. To the writer they invariably speak, first of all, of white-robed girls, and flowers and festive music, for earliest acquaintance with this grand old homestead was formed among just such characteristic accomplishments. It made a bright spot in many a little life, that five o'clock strawberry-party one May afternoon, in 18—, when with mothers, aunts, elder cousins, so many "young folks" were permitted to accept the affectionate invitation of the beloved proprietor.

Eyre Hall has been, indeed, all through its venerable existence, but another name for everything elegant, graceful and delightful in Old Virginia life. It was the seat of the Eyre's long, long ago. The very locks on the main entrance doors have been there much over a hundred years, and while the hospitality of the possessors ensured from rust, well-trained servants kept them bright as mirrors.

An accomplished friend who has kindly furnished many points for this sketch, has written: "During the life-times of Mr. John Eyre and his wife, Anne Upshur, this

distinguished homestead was in its zenith.

The beauty and accomplishments of the lady were an auxiliary to the elegant finish of the husband's manners, all based upon better than conventional rules,—soundness of heart and integrity of principle.

Indeed the manners of both received a double charm, caught from the matured grace of the Old and the freshness of the New world, owing to the period when these worthies flourished."

Mrs. Eyre is said to have been one of the most gifted ladies of her day; talented, highly educated, witty and fluent in conversation, and moreover an exquisite musician, so that with qualities of heart commensurate with these endowments, it is not strange she should have been the centre of a brilliant and admiring circle. To the county gentry of both sexes, during her life and after, Eyre Hall was a most attractive place of resort, and strangers visiting the "shore" considered their mission but half performed unless they had been entertained here.—Rarely occurring omission, for there was on the part of its master a most unswerving adherence to all the established rules of social etiquette, and especially to that requirement enjoining hospitality to strangers.

It is a very familiar figure, this fine old gentleman, over eighty then, with slightly bent form, snowy white hair, but fresh complexion, and benevolent, bright countenance, riding out on horseback to pay a morning or afternoon call of some eight or ten miles out and back, rarely using the comfortable and capacious family coach with its old-fashioned cushions and linings of deep red morocco.

He was, indeed, a true member of that "old school" which, to the unappreciative, may possess no "local habitation," but which is, nevertheless, the name of a veritable and genuine influence, evinced in the career of this gentleman and some others like him.

Hints of individual characteristics of the families identified with these "Southern Homesteads" seem not at variance with the object of these sketches, so that no apology is offered for introducing here and there in the present narative, as they happen to occur, some trait or incident illustrative of him who gave to Eyre Hall so much of its *eclat*.

All the surroundings of the place were redolent of Old Dominion aristocracy, using the term in no ironical sense, for that such a social element tacitly existed in the South, and on the Eastern Shore of this State in the not very remote retrospective is a fact patent;—indeed, here the lines identifying different social grades were very distinctly defined. This recognition can bear no offensive construction, it is presumed, having no political significance, (as it had not then,) and in no wise militating against acquiescence in a more democratic dispensation, socially. But to resume, the two counties of Accomac and Northampton, (forming the Eastern Shore, as is known,) from their insular position debarred from convenience and advancement in

many respects, thus naturally preserved intact many ancient State and colonial usages after they had been superseded in other more generally accessible sections of the country.

No architectural technicalities, fortunately, are requisite to a description of this simply-built country-home. A capacious, old-fashioned house, the main body, doubled-storied is an addition to the yet more antique Dutch-roofed structure with which it is united, and commodious and pleasant porches stand out on all sides.

The situation is picturesque and the improvements in unexceptionable taste. The lawn in front, comprising sixty acres of smooth, green turf, with intersecting avenues, is studded with patriarchal oaks, hollies, maples, and feathery acacias. These form an alluring perspective from the riding-in, and afford, at the same time, tantalizing glimpses of the bold blue cherrystone, crescent-like engirdling the lawn, the garden in the rear, and the adjacent grounds.

It has often been said that Eyre Hall presented as you approached it, the appearance of a village, with its numerous outbuildings, for stables, carriage-house, barn, cow-house, all stand in bold relief, and very near the dwelling is the kitchen, now ivy-crowned, which was once the home of the old, old Eyres.

The immediate vicinity gives *a coup d'œil* of almost an island, and it would be such but for the connection formed by the carriage-road, which, after you leave the avenue leading to the lawn gate, is flanked on either side by broad fields in a high state of cultivation.

A semi-circular road leads in from the gate above-mentioned, to the front door, defined by ornamental chain-work in iron, the posts supporting it bearing each a lamp for hospitable illumination on festal occasions.

On the shores of the creek around, stand the seats of many old and pleasant neighbors, and from the beautiful garden but barely named, just now, extends an avenue to where a bridge spans the waters, over which crowds of company have walked to and from Eyre Ville, the hospitable residence of Mr. William Eyre and his son and their amiable partners,—Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Mary Eyre,—all gone to the land of spirits.

On this creek, in the season, might often have been seen that characteristic feature of an Eastern Shore summer-night landscape,—the expanse dotted with lights, bane of those mullets "caught by glare." (How much for the modern alliteration?) On the left of the avenue, before reaching the bridge, branches off a romantic walk, terminating in a retired grove, where many a long-forgotten name stands registered on verdant tablet,—"A retreat for loves," so a dear old lady, once a habitué of Eyre Hall, writes. "Many a heart" she adds, "has leaped for joy or sunk in sorrow here, as the answers of fair ones decreed, in courting times."

There was a little gate opening on this grove, from the walk, and

this was called the "toll-gate." After his age secured the privilege, the master of Eyre Hall (I am speaking thus of Mr. John Eyre, it is understood,) used in every case to extract of the beauties a kiss, ere they were permitted to range forth into the enchanted shades.

In the garden with its timely-clipped hedges of box and dwarf-cedar, its flower-beds of delicious aroma and beautiful hue, stood the green-house, (on the left hand, entering from the house) its inmates "laughing at the storm" in winter, and in summer blending their rich breath with the garden-flowers. Tall geraniums in their varied bloom mingled with the silver and gold of orange and lemon fruit and blossom, and such refined occupation as attention to these, alternating with similarly tasteful employments, made pleasant the old gentleman's solitary life.

It must be explained that though visitors were never lacking, as elsewhere intimated, many years of Mr. Eyre's life were passed here with no permanent inmate, save one, a sort of humble friend of whom I shall speak presently, and his excellent domestics.

The cultivation of rare fruits and ornamental trees may be named as a favorite recreation, the result of which, lent additional attraction to this peninsular Eden.

But now for the house. The broad hall of entrance is painted with English hunting-scenes,—gentlemen and ladies in rainbow attire, the latter, at least, not out of character, as we read of Madame Blennerhasset sweeping through the country on horseback, costumed in a scarlet cloth riding-dress.

Dashing steeds of grey and bay figure here, with their riders displaying attitudes more consistent with good horsemanship than established laws of gravity.

It is a beautiful sylvan picture, however—the great forest oaks, the hounds, the green sward, the fair, cloudless sky; the horns of the hunters, raised to their lips, from which you fancy you can almost hear the reverberations, and even the death of poor Reynard as he resigns himself in the corner by the library door, to his canine captors. It is not meant that the catastrophe above set forth adds aught of bland beauty to the scene, though it has its charms for such as can separate the sport from kindred relics of barbarism.

Down the right hand wall, about mid-way, stands an immense organ which plays forty tunes, more beguiling to the juveniles than the "forty thieves" in story.

There was something here for every taste—childish as well as mature.

Beyond the organ in the corner is an ample lounge, and I can almost see its occupant, some luxurious sojourner, courting the breeze in this airy nook and loitering over a volume from the finely-stocked library.

In the apartment appropriated as just mentioned, stands above the chimney piece, in all the attraction of boyish beauty, a life-

size portrait, by Benjamin West, of the grandfather of Mr. John Eyre, painted when its original was only nineteen years old, exhibiting the costume of ante-revolutionary days. Neck and wrist ruffs of deep lace, short breeches and knee-buckles form the most prominent characteristics of the superannuated attire.

The colored butler, "uncle Nat," who dons the courtly manners of his master, and calls all the young people "my dear," assures you it was known to be a first-rate likeness, and that "Old Master" was an elegant gentleman. You take this on faith, as uncle Nat did, with that handsome figure and guileless face before you.

From hence opens an entry, (in the rear, for the library opens on the hall also,) and here stands a pair of patent scales, to which, of course all the youthful visitors come to be weighed.

Leading from this entry is the dining-room, and on another hand the drawing-room. Mention of the former reminds that there is but one obligation enjoined upon guests at Eyre Hall beyond the *carte blanche*, of unprescribed enjoyment, and this,—punctuality at meals,—breakfast forming no exception. The kind host was especially tenacious hereof.

The veriest epicure need not complain that there is "a set time" for his otherwise unlimited gratification, and yet the master of the house is very strictly temperate in his own diet. Early hours were kept, comparatively with the fashionable routine, and Mr. Eyre attributed his continued robust health to observance of dietary rules.

He used to say: "When a school-boy it was my habit to rise early and prepare my lessons. I took a cold breakfast because I had not time to wait for the family meal. Dinner I carried along with me, to be eaten, cold, of course, at the 'old field school,' and returning at evening, was too tired to do more than get a slice of cold bread and glass of milk, and hurry off to bed."

The little "porch-room," convenient to the *salle-a-manger*, holds uncounted pieces of massive plate, and also of the antique India china, with its burnished "E." on each piece.

The housekeeper's room and commodious store-rooms are beyond the dining-room, which latter, indeed, we must not leave without noticing the portraits of Mr. John Eyre and his wife and others, painted by Sully and other eminent artists. And now we glance at the drawing-room with its sofas and hangings of pale blue damask, its antique vases, its thousand and one articles—rich and rare, of parlor bijouterie reduplicated on the mirrored walls.

Here is the piano open,—yonder a guitar, each awaiting the touch of fairy fingers to break the spell of silence. Indeed, thus, even, they mutely speak of poor Mr. Marshall, a Georgian by birth, who many years resided here, a sort of dependent friend, who presided over the destinies of all the musical instruments about the establishment,—(he was ingenious and skillful) and the

thrilling sounds of whose violin seem almost audible now in that wide hall, light feet and lighter hearts keeping time to its music.

Herein allusion has been made to the fine manners of this especial descendant of the "Justices in Eyre," and it should now be added that, springing from the heart, they were alike gentle and conciliatory to rich and poor.—Apropos of his popularity among many of the more humble in life, is recalled the memory of a letter addressed to "John *Airs*, &c., &c.," which caused no little merriment in the circle where it was handed around.

It was from an old Dutch innkeeper, at or near, York, Pa., under whose roof Mr. Eyre, accompanied by some relatives, passed several consecutive summers.

The document opened something on this fashion, except that it was interspersed with many ejaculations of regret not now called to mind:—

"John *Airs* Esq.,

Dears Sir,

I writes mit much concern to know if you pe dead, please let me know. De beoples speaks to me you is dead, I speaks to de beoples I obs not."

This was the substance of the note, but there were many iterations of the same point, beside, it cannot be vouched for that the very original orthography has been preserved intact.

What temptation to ramble, when once we get into one of these old domains, and move among the familiar things there in the same erratic course, mentally, which in person we used to indulge!

We were not looking up biography, locality, anecdote, according to methodical rule, and perhaps pen-sketches such as these, are truer to the life, ignoring the trammels.

But to avoid too far wandering from the way, let me add a few words on my own behalf and resign to an abler pen. They are of Mr. Eyre himself. Few men have ever lived on the Eastern Shore to whom (beyond his widespread system of benevolence; real charity,) the community have been more deeply indebted in a social point of view. Especially interested in young people, he never omitted an opportunity to bring them pleasantly together. Whatever assistance lay within his power to bestow, was cheerfully given, and in many cases, anticipated. His library was at the disposition of the entire reading community, and more than one young man struggling with poverty and ambition, has found a ready and beneficent hand stretched out to his aid from the unostentatious owner of Eyre Hall.

Professor St. George Tucker, of the University of Virginia has given a fine outline sketch of Mr. Eyre in an obituary notice, which appeared originally in the *National Intelligencer*, but which was widely copied by the press, and is here subjoined.

"DIED, at Eyre Hall, in Northampton county, Virginia, on the 19th of June, John Eyre, Esq.,

aged 87. He was born on the spot on which he died, and which had been the residence of his ancestors for several generations.—It was here that he passed almost the whole of his long and meritorious life, dispensing the revenues of an ample fortune in elegant hospitality, and in acts of kindness, liberality, and beneficence.

It is not often that the death of a private individual can make such a chasm in society or be so extensively regretted as Mr. Eyre's; for we do not often meet with a life so devoted to purposes of usefulness and benevolence.—Every laudable undertaking was sure to meet with his liberal support, and every religious denomination tasted freely of his bounty.

Nor let it be supposed that he was one of those who are liberal only on great occasions, when the praise of generosity affords them their remuneration. His beneficence was habitual and perennial, and probably yet more of it fell in refreshing showers than in large streams. The widow, the orphan, the destitute of every description shared in his bounty. He was in the habit of putting aside a portion of his annual crop for the exclusive use of the poor; which those who would not accept of charity were permitted to buy at a moderate price, and for which many never paid, it being well known that he never sued a debtor or distressed him for money. His charities, too, were as wisely regulated as they were benevolent. They were not indiscriminate, for in that case they must soon have come to an end; but they were always in season, always appropriate, never made in ostentation, and they never wounded the feelings of those on whom they were bestowed. We read of a prince in ancient times who gave more satisfaction when he refused a favor, than his father had done when he granted one; and with the same delicate regard to the feelings of others which in that case had softened the pain of refusal, Mr. Eyre enhanced the pleasure conferred by his bounty.

When a man of fortune thus freely spends his money for the benefit of others, the merit of his generosity is the greater for the temptation he has overcome. He may be bent on the accumulation of yet greater wealth, or, if his ruling propensity is to spend rather than save, he may indulge in expensive vices; or he may gratify a better taste in purchasing costly works of art; but in all those modes of seeking happiness, his heart is too concentrated on self to expand in sympathy for others; and hence it is proverbially so difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Mr. Eyre is, moreover, entitled to the greater praise for being so distinguished an exception to the selfishness of wealth, as he had a decided and lively taste for the embellishments of life, and was peculiarly fitted to grace and adorn society.

Few men ever equalled him in manners, which are so important an item of character, considering how great an influence they exert on the happiness of those around us. A good heart is said to be the best teacher of politeness, and no one could be a more apt or

willing listener to its admonitions than Mr. Eyre. But his manners were characterized by ease, dignity, and polish, as much as by benevolence. In early life, according to tradition, such was his polished courtesy and his deferential respect for the gentler sex that he was called by his romantic admirers, Sir Charles Grandison; and at a later day the writer of this notice has seen him at the crowded watering place admired by all for the blended dignity and amenity of his manners. Thus, in words as well as acts, he showed that he lived for others no less than himself. He was married to an accomplished lady, whose death preceded his just twenty-six years. They had no offspring.

Mr. Eyre was never much in public life, but he served awhile in the Senate of Virginia; and though here, like Washington, took little part in debate, he also, like Washington, exercised the influence due to his sound judgment and weight of character. He acted many years as a magistrate of his county, and discharged its duties with uprightness, firmness, and ability, as well as with the most scrupulous diligence and exactness. When, afterwards, some friends who appreciated his worth induced him to become a candidate for Congress, though he received a large vote, he failed to be elected. Content with being the friend of the people, he could not be their flatterer, and the arts of the demagogue he utterly despised. It is but justice to the people and to Mr. Eyre to add that he did not agree in politics with a majority of his district.

For a year or two before his death he was affected with blindness as well as impaired hearing, but his reason was unclouded to the last, and with his wonted serenity he terminated a life which had passed without a stain or reproach, and which had known no luxury equal to that of doing good. His funeral was numerously attended; and the tears shed on that occasion by his servants and those who had been the objects of his bounty, whether they were dictated by selfish regret or were, as we trust, the honest effusions of gratitude, are equally the testimonials of his benignant virtues.

It is no disparagement to the Eastern Shore of Virginia to say that no one is there left to take his place; since, supposing there are a few—and we fear very few—who have the inclination, there is no one of them who has the means. Let us, then, fondly cherish the memory of so bright an example of worth, and recommend him as a model for the man of fortune and the Virginia gentleman."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN—EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY, 1834.

Mr. Preston, Mr. Calhoun's colleague, entered the Senate of the United States in 1833, where he soon acquired the reputation of a great orator, and stood equal to Clay, Calhoun, Webster, McDuffie and the host of eminent men who then adorned the halls of our National Legislature.

I never had the pleasure of hearing him speak, and must give the impressions of other cotemporaries of his peculiar style and power as an orator.

On one occasion I staid all day in the gallery of the Senate, hoping he would speak, but he did not, and on his return in the evening, I told him of my disappointment, "but you were compensated by hearing one of our best speakers." "Who?" Mr. Buchanan." Mr. Buchanan was not on my catalogue of orators, therefore, I was not prepared to appreciate him.

A lady of my acquaintance gave an amusing account of her first impressions in the Senate.—She was a woman of firm mind, something of a politician and a great Whig. Mr. Rives was attending her, pointing out the members. Mr. Wright spoke first. She was much pleased with his manner. Then Mr. Webster rose and made one of his grand efforts. She became most excited and interested, and turning to Mr. Rives, oh take me away, take me away, he is over-turning all my opinions, I will not listen to him. Mr. Rives begged her to be quiet and remain till Mr. Webster was replied to. "Presently" said she, a tall homely man—*so homely*, got up and looked at the President as if he did not know what to say—then "Mr. President," and turned his head first on one side, then on the other.—"Mr. President," very slowly. I got up. Mr. Rives, I will go, I am not going to listen to that stupid looking creature. Mr. Rives said sit still a little while—may be you may hear something better than you expect. Mr. Preston began with some commonplace remarks while I chafed at my constrained attendance. In a few moments I found myself listening, surprised, wondering. "Who is it Mr. Rives?" "Never mind: be still." In a few moments more I forgot every thing—was completely absorbed till he closed, when with a long breath I recovered myself, and looking at Mr. Rives noticed his amused smile. Who is it said he? It must be William C. Preston, and not that ugly man who began the speech. In relating this to me she went on to say, in her peculiar playful manner—he is dreadfully affected—what made him begin in such a way? I don't care if he is your friend, he is affected.

Miss Martineau calls him the homely Mr. Preston, and such I suppose he was when in repose, but when animated in conversation, the flash of genius and fine

play of countenance redeemed the homely features, while his high-bred air, and gracefulness of manner were exceedingly fascinating.

His was a noble generous character, evinced by his straightforward course in politics and purity of private life. It was a noble tribute to him and Mr. Calhoun, that they were the only men in public life in Washington whose domestic life had never been censured.

The following description of these Senators is taken from a cotemporary paper.

No two men could be more unlike in their dispositions and feelings than Mr. Preston and his colleague, Mr. Calhoun. They have both great talents and in that respect there is a similitude, in every other thing they are as opposite as the poles.

Mr. P. is warm and ardent in his feelings. Mr. C. is as frigid as an icicle. The first is a vehement impassioned orator; the latter is a cold debator. One has a glowing exuberant imagination, and adorns his addresses with the most beautiful flowers of rhetoric; the other has none, and the dryness of his logic is unrelieved by the tints of fancy. But I will not pursue the parallel farther. Mr. Preston is nearly six feet tall* and full proportioned. His complexion is sandy, and he wears a very ugly snarled sort of a wig about the color of a carrot. The expression of his face is that of unalloyed good nature. His eyes are blue and full of sprightliness and laughter, and his features are very expressive and agreeable. His feelings are of the kindest character. His heart overflows with sterling humanity. He loves his race, and delights in making every one happy. He is instinctively agreeable. In thought and in deed, he is the essence of honor and chivalry. Selfishness is not an element of his mind. His heart is a bulwark against any such lodgment. His manners are in the highest degree polished and easy, and his social qualities such as to render his company the delight of all who are so happy as to know him. In conversation he is free, easy, lively, humorous and gay. He entered the United States Senate in 1833. He had previously occupied a seat in the State Senate of South Carolina, where he was greatly distinguished as an orator, and he had therefore, already a high reputation to sustain before the country, when he entered the National Legislature, and it is needless to say that most fully he has maintained the favor which preceded him, and even exceeded it. As an orator no one in the country can be said to rank higher than Mr. P. His manner of public speaking is eminently calculated to please. He possesses a powerful command over the feelings, and he clothes his ideas in the most beautiful and richest imagery. His wit is keen and playful, his sarcasm biting, and his invective piercing. His imagination is luxuriant, and tropes and figures rise up as it were spontaneously before him. He is an elegant scholar and his efforts are all adorned more or less with the

* He was six feet 1¼ inches high.

choicest gems of literature. His taste is exquisite. He uses a great deal of gesticulation, and his whole manner is that of overwhelming earnestness. He is highly dramatic, but natural, easy and graceful. His voice is good and his enunciation distinct and clear. He emphasizes with thrilling effect and his sudden bursts of eloquence and impassioned appeals have an electrical power which genius only can produce."

I give Mr. Preston's birth and lineage in his own words: "I was born in Philadelphia the 27th December, 1794, my father being a member of Congress then in session. I received the name of William Campbell from my maternal Grandfather, Wm. Campbell, of King's Mountain, of whom my mother was heiress and sole surviving descendant. She inherited a very large estate. My mother's mother was Elizabeth Henry, sister to Patrick Henry. My father's father, (William Preston,) was Colonel of Augusta county during the revolution, and commanded his regiment at the battle of Guilford court-house.—Thus my lineage was fully Whig. My father represented in Congress the district of South Western Virginia. My infancy was passed at the Salt Works in Washington county, Virginia."

Mr. Preston and Mr. Calhoun being in the same mess during my visit to Washington city, my recollections of them are so mingled that I can scarcely separate the anecdotes of them. But as my sketches are mostly to illustrate their inner and private life and character, I shall continue to jot down such incidents and conversations as I may fancy interesting.

Extract from Diary.—March 10. To-night, was much interested in a discussion between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Preston, arising from a difference of opinion about the Scotch-Irish character. Mr. Calhoun maintained that they have not one Irish trait; Mr. Preston, that they have a due admixture of both nationalities.—From thence the discussion rambled to the difference between Scotch and English literature.—Mr. P. asserted and seemed to prove the superiority of the English in every department of science and literature. We came to the conclusion that the English might be more respectable, but the Scotch more romantic and amiable.

Mr. Calhoun thought the freedom of England the result of fortunate circumstances rather than the forecast of the people. Mr. P. thought the people compelled "these fortunate chances to their own good account." Then they went back to Greece and Rome. Mr. Calhoun, who is very enthusiactic in admiration of Greece, repeated part of Demosthenes reply to Æschines on *luck* or good and bad fortune, &c—then remarked that the Christian religion had banished what used to be a cherished idea,—that of luck, or good and bad fortune.

(to be continued.)

THE

LAND WE LOVE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, MILITARY, HISTORY, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME III.

MAY---OCTOBER, 1867.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
PUBLISHED BY HILL, IRWIN & CO.

1867.

INDEX TO VOLUME III.

A

Afternoon, By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Lexington, Virginia, 169
Artist-Work, " " " 373
Aunt Abby, By Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, of N. C., 63, 124

B

Battle of King's Mountain, By Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, Historian of Tennessee, 381
Book Notices, 90, 178, 270, 363, 439

C

Callista, By N. C. Kouns, Fulton, Missouri, 231
Cavalry Scouts, By Gen. Wade Hampton, of S. C., 348

D

Down into Devonshire, By John R. Thompson, of Va., 9, 118
Dramatic Sketch, By Paul H. Hayne, Augusta, Ga., 264

E

Editorial, 85, 173, 267, 351
Educational Interests of the South, By Wm. J. Sykes, Columbus, Mississippi, 476
Egomet Ipse, By Fanny Downing, Charlotte, N. C., 282
Eyre Hall, By Fanny Fielding, 504
Evenings in Parliament, By John R. Thompson, of Va., 206

F

Fort Motte, 1780, By a Grand-daughter of Mrs. Motte, 136

G

Gen. Beauregard's Report of the Battle of Drury's Bluff, 1

H

Horace and Juvenal, By Ex-Senator J. W. Wall, Burlington, New Jersey, 462

Hosein, By J. Augustine Signaigo, Memphis, Tennessee, 117
Humors of the Morgan Raid into Indiana and Ohio, 36, 233

I

In Memory of Major T. M. N. ÆEtat, 71, By Dr. F. O. Ticknor, Columbus, Ga., 400

J

John Milton, By Prof. R. L. Dabney, of Va., 38, 101, 199

L

Leaves of Plants, By Hon. H. W. Ravenel, of S. C., 30
Letter from New York, By John R. Thompson, of Va., 434
Love, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, Charlotte, N. C., 124
Love's Law, " " " 42

M

Mary Ashburton, ——— Skipton, Md., 143, 222, 320, 414, 499,
Memorial Flowers, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, Charlotte, N. C., 23
Mineral Wealth of Virginia, By Prof. J. L. Campbell, Washington College, Va., 152
Miscellanea, By Prof. J. L. Kirkpatrick, Washington College, Va., 62
Mizpah, By Phœnix., 503
Mother, Home and Heaven, By a Lady of La., 17

N

National Glory, By Rev. R. H. Rivers, D.D., of Tennessee, 25
New-York Correspondence, 82, 265
Nut-Bearing Trees, By a Contributor, 492

P

Peach Culture, By Hon. H. W. Ravenel, Aiken, South Carolina, 257
Perfect Through Suffering, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, Charlotte, North Carolina, 55, 110, 238, 296, 405, 479
Personal Recollections of Eminent Men, By a Virginia Matron, 334, 419, 512
Poor Carlotta, By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Lexington, Va., 460
Pruning and Training the Grape, By Hon. H. W. Ravenel, Aiken, South Carolina, 167

R

Rambles in Yorkshire, By J. R. Thompson, Richmond, Va., 305
Recollections of Fredericksburg, from 29th April to 6th May, '63 By Benj. J. Humphreys, Mississippi, 443
Review of Simms' War Poetry of the South, 71
Revolutionary Anecdote from Unpublished Papers, 70

V

Richmond, Virginia, Fifty years ago, By a Virginia Matron, 139, 246.
Rodes' Brigade at Seven Pines, "Southern Poems of the War." 418
Roman Catacombs, By Ex-Senator J. W. Wall, Burlington, N. J., 367
Roman Satire, " " " " " " 462

S

Sketch of Gov. H. W. Allen, By Rev. D. B. Ewing, of Virginia, 43
Sketch of Gen. G. B. Anderson, By Major Seaton Gales, Raleigh, North Carolina, 93
Sketch of Gen. B. H. Helm, —— Bedford, Kentucky, 163
Sketch of Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, By Rev. R. K. Porter, Atlanta, Ga., 183
Song and Chorus, By Dr. F. O. Ticknor, Columbus, Georgia, 329
Song, By Paul H. Hayne, Augusta, Georgia, 478
Sonnet, By Samuel Selden, Norfolk, Virginia, 129
Sonnet, By Paul H. Hayne, Augusta, Georgia, 320
Southern Homesteads, "Eyre Hall," By Fanny Fielding, 504
Spring, By D. B. Lucas, of Virginia, 9
Stand in thy Lot, By Dr. F. O. Ticknor, Columbus, Georgia, 35
Stovall's Brigade at Jackson, Mississippi, July 12th, 1863, 365
Strawberry Culture, Contributed, 330

T

Tears—Idle Tears, By Col. J. T. L. Preston, Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia, 470
Tell me ye Winds, By Miss Alice A. Hill, New Orleans, La., 236
The Confederate Dead, By Latienne, Eufaula, Alabama, 135
The Eloquence of Ruins, By Mrs. L. Virginia French, McMinnville, Tennessee, 337
The Flight of Arethusa, By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Lexton, Virginia, 198
The Garden of the Tuileries, By G. T. Webster, New Orleans, Louisiana, 290
The Haversack, 74, 154, 250, 339, 423
The Ideal, By Paul H. Hayne, Augusta, Georgia, 162
The Land We Love, By Rev. A. J. Ryan, Knoxville, Tennessee, 100
The Last of the Crusaders, By C. C. Read, of North Carolina, 18
The Madonna, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, Charlotte, N. C., 221
The Men in Grey, By a Lady of Louisiana, 54
The Southern Exile, By Prof. S. H. Dickson, Jefferson College, Philadelphia, 475
The 2nd Missouri Cavalry, By Col. W. H. Brand, of Missouri, 273
The True Alchemy, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, Charlotte, N. C., 469
The Voices of Nature, By Dr. C. L. Hunter, of N. C., 433
Truth, By Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, Boon Hill, N. C., 403

Twelve months in Spain, By V. C. Barringer, Esq., of North Carolina., 47, 130, 285, 376

U

Undertow, By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Lexington, Va., 305
United States District Court, By John R. Thompson, Esq., 249
Unwritten Music, By Samuel Selden, M. D., Norfolk, Va., 412

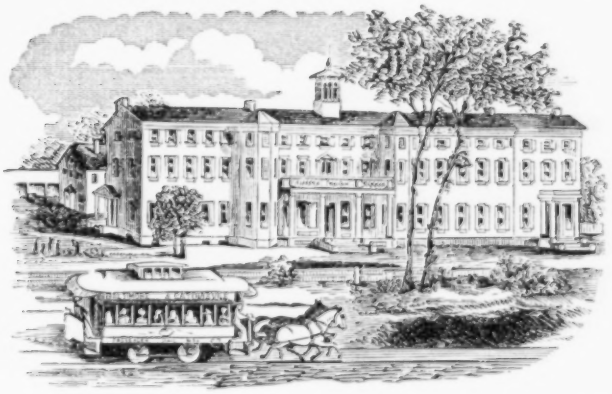
V

Venezuelan Emigration, By an Oxonian, England., 401

W

War Poetry of the South, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, of N. C., 71
"We all do fade as the leaf," By Mrs. Fanny Downing., 379
Wrecked, By J. D. B., New Orleans, La., 139

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL.



FACULTY.

E. PARSONS,
Principal,

Rev. R. N. BAER, A.M.,
Natural Science,

G. S. GRAPE, A.M.,
Mathematics,

Rev. L. D. HUSTON, D. D.,
Elocution,

A. T. HARTMAN,
Classics,

J. HARRY DEEMS,
Music,

A. T. BLEDSOE, A. M. L.L. D.,
Belles Letters,

Maj. MENEFEE HUSTON, A.M.
Tactics,

And other able and experienced instructors.

This well known Institution, situated six miles west of Baltimore, will re-open on TUESDAY, September 3, 1867.

TERMS: $350.00 per annual session. For further particulars see the Catalogue and Circular at the office of this Magazine, or address,

E. PARSONS, Catonsville, Maryland.

The location is healthy and beautiful. The Institution is in high repute, and so prosperous as to command the services of Prof. A. T. Bledsoe.—Editor. [Oct. 1867—3t*

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE next session of this Institution will open on the FIRST MONDAY of OCTOBER, 1867, and continue without interruption until the 1st of July following.

Applicants must be at least fifteen years of age. Each student may select his schools, but, in the Academic Department, must, unless specially excused by the Chairman of the Faculty, attend at least three.

The Law and Medical Schools having recently been fully organized, there are now three departments in the University.

I. ACADEMIC. II. LAW. III. MEDICINE.

The aggregate expenses, including tuition, board, wood, lights and washing, for the session of nine months, will be:

For Academic Student, attending three Professors, about	$305
For Law Student, about	280
For Medical Student, attending a full course, about	370

These fees are payable, half in October and half in February.

☞ For Catalogues, giving additional information, address Rev. C. Bruce Walker, Secretary, or R. W. BARNWELL, Chairman of the Faculty,

Oct. 1867—2m Columbia, S. C.

J. H. HORNER'S

CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL,

AT OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA.

THE Fall Session begins the 3d MONDAY in JULY, and the Spring Session the 1st MONDAY in JANUARY of each year.

Catalogues furnished upon application.

Oct. 1867—3m

Select Boarding and Day School,

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

HILLSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

MISSES NASH AND MISS KOLLOCK, PRINCIPALS.

☞ Circulars furnished on application.

July 1867—6t

CONCORD FEMALE COLLEGE.

In the N. C. Presbyterian of September 26th, an article was published over the signature of "Amicus." I invite attention to an extract from that article. "If wholesome discipline, devotion to the cause of education, skill and experience in teaching will secure success, then the Faculty of this Female College have all the elements of success. There is no institution where the mental culture, the health, the morals, and the manners of the pupils are more looked after and cared for."

TERMS—For Session, commencing on the first MONDAY of SEPTEMBER, and closing on the 20th of DECEMBER—

Board	$64 00
Tuition	20 00
Music	20 00
Use of Piano	4 00
French and Latin, each,	8 00
Drawing and Ornamental Penmanship	10 00
Contingent expenses	2 00

Washing at Laundress' price. Ninety dollars, in advance, will settle the account for the Session. For circulars

Address, **J. M. M. CALDWELL,**

August—1867-3t Statesville, N. C.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

GEN. R. E. LEE, PRESIDENT, aided by a corps of twenty Instructors, including a Professor of Law.

THE next session will begin on 3rd Thursday in September, and end on 3rd Thursday in June.

Lexington may be reached by stage from Staunton or Goshen, on the Virginia Central Railroad: from Lynchburg by Canal, or by stage from Bonsack's on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad.

For further particulars apply to Clerk of the Faculty for Catalogue.

August—1867-3t

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL

Is pleasantly located near Mebaneville Depot on the North Carolina Railroad, in a remarkably healthful region.

The Course of Instruction is

Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial,

Including the branches of study essential to a thorough preparation, either for a University course, or for business.

This School was established by the grandfather of the present proprietors, and has been in successful operation for more than sixty years.

For Catalogue exhibiting terms, &c., address,

Col. WM. BINGHAM,

April, 1867—9m MEBANEVILLE, N. C.

COLLINS & M'LEESTER'S

NORTH AMERICAN

TYPE, STEREOTYPE, & ELECTROTYPE

FOUNDRY,

And Printers' Furnishing Warehouse,

No. 705 Jayne Street, Philadelphia.

TYPE WARRANTED EQUAL TO ANY MADE.

Old Type taken in exchange for new at 15 cents per pound, if delivered free of charge.

The Type on which "THE LAND WE LOVE" is printed, is from Collins & M'Leester's Foundry.

R. Q. TAYLOR,

OPPOSITE BARNUM'S HOTEL, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Hats, Furs and Umbrellas.

Orders respectfully solicited, prompt attention paid to all received by mail. Sept. 1867—3m*

STELLMAN, HENRICHS & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

Hosiery, Gents Furnishing Goods,

SMALL WARES, &C.

Sole Agents for Green & Daniels Spool Cotton.

21 Hanover St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept., 1867.—3m*

WIESENFELD & CO.

WHOLESALE

CLOTHIERS,

242 Baltimore St.,

NEAR CHARLES,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 1867.—3m*

STONE, WILSON & FOSTER,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

NO. 1410 CARY STREET,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

H. J. STONE, JOHN B. WILSON, RICH'D. T. FOSTER.

Sept 1867—3m*

A. MYERS. W. MYERS.

MYERS & BROTHER,

(LATE OF SALISBURY, N. C.,)

GENERAL COMMISSION AND STORAGE

MERCHANTS,

NO. 112 & 114 SEVENTEENTH-ST.,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.,

Offer their services for the Sale and Purchase of Groceries, Dry Goods, and every description of Merchandize; also Tobacco, Cotton, Flour, Wheat, Corn, and Country Produce Generally.

Sept 1867—3m*

WILLIAM GILHAM, A.M.,

ANALYTICAL CHEMIST

OFFICE OF THE SOUTHERN FERTILIZING COMPANY, 14TH STREET.,

Richmond, Va.,

IS prepared to analyze Gold, Silver and other Ores, Minerals, Guanos, and other Fertilizers, Mineral Waters, &c., &c.

Sept. 1867—6t

PALMER, HARTSOOK & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

105 and 107 FOURTEENTH STREET, SECOND DOOR BELOW CARY,

RICHMOND, VA.

GEO. S. PALMER, DAN'L J. HARTSOOK, } WM. B. ISAACS, W. H. PALMER.

Consignments of WHEAT, TOBACCO, &c., solicited.

Agents for Ficklin & Williams, Sugar Refiners. For Sale—Peruvian Guano, Fertilizers, Agricultural and Mineral Lands, and many desirable Goods.

Proprietors U. S. Bonded Warehouse No. 1.

Sept 1867—3m*

T. H. KELLOGG, *Late firm of G. J. Sumner, & Co.* J. W. GIBSON. *Of Richmond, Va.*

KELLOGG & GIBSON,

Importers and Dealers in

CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE,

AND

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,

No. 1313,

MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

September, 1867—3t

SOUTHERN FERTILIZING COMPANY,

Richmond, Va.

—o—

Col. W. GILHAM

(FOR MANY YEARS PROF. OF CHEMISTRY V. M. INST.)

CHEMIST,

Keep Constantly on hand

OLD DOMINION FERTILIZER,

An Ammoniated Super-phosphate of Lime, containing 4 per cent. Ammonia,

PHOSPHO-PERUVIAN GUANO,

A manipulated Guano, containing 8 per cent. Ammonia,

Pure ground Plaster.

TERMS CASH.—Orders respectfully solicited.

Sept., 1867—2t.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT,

Baltimore, Md.

—o—

FACULTY,

REV. THOMAS E. BOND, M. D., President.
G. C. M. ROBERTS, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
A. J. FOARD, M. D., Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy.
J. P. LOGAN, M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine.
HARVEY L. BYRD, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics.
MARTIN P. SCOTT, M. D., Professor of the Diseases of Women and Children.
EDWARD WARREN, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery.
JOHN F. MONMONIER, M. D., Professor of Physiology and General Pathology.
J. J. MOORMAN, M. D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Hygiene.
JOSEPH E. CLAGETT, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.
CLARENCE MORFIT, M. D., Professor of Medical Chemistry and Pharmacy.

JOHN N. MONMONIER, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

—o—

The first regular session of this Institution will begin on Tuesday, the first day of October next, and continue for five months.

There will be a supplementary course of Lectures delivered by the Adjunct Professors during the succeeding summer.

One student from each Congressional District of the late slave-holding States will be admitted to all the privileges of this University upon the payment of *thirty-five dollars* for each session of attendance.

Wounded and disabled soldiers will have precedence over all other applicants for this privilege.

All the subjects embraced in the curriculum of this school will be thoroughly taught and properly illustrated.

Arrangements have been perfected for securing to our students a *complete and satisfactory course of clinical instruction.*

FEES.

Matriculation,	$ 5
Dissection,	10
Professors,	120
Graduation	20
Beneficiary,	35

For further information apply to, or address the subscriber,

A. J. FOARD, M. D.,

No. 47, Liberty Street, Corner of Lexington.

Sept. 1867—3m

GUANO AND FERTILIZERS,

THE undersigned respectfully calls the attention of the Planting Community to his Fertilizing compounds, and confidently asserts their superior excellence.

For several years before the war he was engaged with John Kettlewell, Esq., now deceased, in the preparation of Fertilizers, and none attained to a more excellent reputation than the

KETTLEWELL MANIPULATED GUANO,

and deservedly so, when the composition of this valuable preparation is made known. Simply, an intimate combination of *choice Peruvian* and *Phosphatic Guano*, by costly machinery, with the addition now of absorbent *Alkali* as advised by eminent counsel. In the re-introduction of this compound in 1866, further testimony has been added setting forth its great value in the production of *Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Tobacco, &c.*, and now challenges competition with any compound, not excepting Peruvian Guano in the production of *all crops* and permanent improvement of land. The theory advanced by Mr. Kettlewell, introducing the manipulated Guano in reducing the Ammonia of the Peruvian Guano and increasing the Bone Phosphate of Lime is now accepted by a vast number of planters as the proper mode of application. In the border and gulf States universal testimony is accredited. It produces more grain of better quality than Peruvian Guano pound for pound—as a permanent Fertilizer admits of no comparison—beautifully prepared for drill or broadcast.

AMMONIATED ALKALINE PHOSPHATE,

A GENERAL MANURE.

☞ SEE ANALYSIS OF DR. A. S. PIGGOTT.

A universal manure extensively used in the Cotton States for Cotton.

Alkaline Phosphate,

Very rich in Potash, Soda, Phosphate, Chlorine, &c.

☞ SEE ANALYSIS OF DR. A. S. PIGGOTT.

A great manure for Cotton. Tobacco, Root and Grass crops.

POTASH AND PLASTER COMBINED IN BBLS.

PURE GROUND PLASTER IN BBLS.

I have nothing to conceal and earnestly invite all planters to investigate my works, material, &c.

Prices in Baltimore---Cash.

Kettlewell's A. A. M. Guano, half and half.....	$70	pr.	Ton,	2000 lbs.
" A. " " ½ and ⅓.....	60	"	"	"
Ammoniated Alkaline Phosphate.....	55	"	"	"
Alkaline Phosphate.....	45	"	"	"

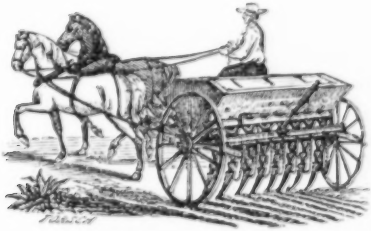
Sold by agents throughout the Southern States, where analysis and certificates can be seen.

Reference to agents, consumers and mercantile community of our city, also to Gen. D. H. Hill, of this magazine.

G. OBER.

Sept 1867—6m 68 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL,



With Compost Attachment and Grass Seed Sower.

OUR DRILL is universally approved wherever used, and has never failed in a single instance of giving entire satisfaction. An important advantage our Drill possesses over all others, is, that by means of a series of marked gear wheels the quantity of seed per acre is regulated and the quantity controlled by simply changing one gear wheel for another, and when the proper gear wheel is on, the operator can go ahead and sow with an absolute certainty of getting on the requisite quantity of seed, without the trouble of measuring off a portion of his land, and experimenting a long time to get it right, in fact it goes off the first time invariably, and we wish it distinctly understood, we warrant our Drills to sow with mathematical accuracy whether the land be rough or smooth, up hill or down, side hill or level, driven fast or slow. The advantage of drilling over broadcast sowing, at this age of improvement, need hardly be alluded to, but were there nothing gained by increase of crops, the amount of seed saved, and the labor of harrowing after broadcasting would of itself warrant the expense of a Drill for each 100 acres sowed. Our Drill sows from 4 to 16 pecks to the acre. It sows wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c., and is so constructed as to plant corn or beans in drills by simply shutting off the feed to as many tubes as you desire. We have in our possession certificates from practical and scientific farmers recommending our Drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner.

GUANO ATTACHMENT

TO

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL.

The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN.

W. L. BUCKINGHAM, General Agent, 59 1-2 S. Charles-st., Baltimore.

May 1867—6m

PACIFIC GUANO COMPANY'S

SOLUBLE

PACIFIC GUANO.

Office of General Agency, 71 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

JNO. S. REESE & CO., Gen'l Ag'ts for the Company.

THE very extended use of this GUANO throughout the country has fully made known its remarkable excellence and superiority. If concurrent testimony as the result of experience affords any guide to truth, this Guano is worth more dollars per ton that Peruvian Guano. This testimony can be had from farmers in all parts of the country. It is a result that must follow from the composition of the Guano. It is unnecessary for us to say more than that the quality and composition of the Guano now in market is the same as that heretofore sold by us for the Company. The same system of inspection is kept up. This is done at a heavy annual expense to the Company, as well for their interests as the protection of consumers.

Sold by Agents in all the markets of the United States, and by local dealers generally.

HUTCHISON, BURROUGHS & CO.,
Agents, Charlotte, N. C.
E. NYE HUTCHISON & CO.,
Agents, Salisbury, N. C.

Sept. 1867—6m

Maryland Depository, M. E. Church South.

SELBY & DULANY,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELELRS & STATIONERS.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Stationery, School and Blank-Books.

MANUFACTURERS AGENTS FOR WARRINGTON & CO'S.,

"Continental Steel-Pen Works."

(STEEL-PENS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.)

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

SELBY & DULANY,

332 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

NORTH CAROLINA REFERENCE:

Hon. R. W. BEST, Secretary of State.

Sept. 1867—3m*

L. PASSANO & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Notions, Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Trimmings and Small Wares,

268 W. BALTIMORE ST.

BALTIMORE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

SHIPLEY, ROANE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

CLOTHING.

303 West Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

DANIED E. SHIPLEY, HENRY W. ROANE, GEORGE W. HOWARD.

Sept. 1867—3m*

AUSTIN, DALL & CO.,

DRY GOODS COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 22 Hanover Street, BALTIMORE.

No. 7 College Place, NEW YORK.

Sole Agents for the Cassimeres, Kerseys, &c., from the Washington Manufacturing Company, Kelly, Tackett, Ford & Co., Proprietors, Fredericksburg, Va.

AND FOR THE

Rock Island Woolen Mills of

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Sept. 1867—3m*

ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS,

Ribbons, Millinery, Silk and Straw Goods,

237 & 239 BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 1867—3m*

WHITELEY, BRO. & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS,

281 W. BALTIMORE STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

Sept. 1867—3m*

BAKER BROTHERS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

BALTIMORE WINDOW GLASS,

DRUGGISTS GLASSWARE, VIALS, BOTTLES, JARS &c.

PAINTS, COLORS, OILS, GLUE.

32 and 34 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept 1867—3m*

TURNBULL & CO.,

Dry Goods and Commission Merchants,

37 Walker Street, NEW YORK,

16 Hanover Street, BALTIMORE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

NORRIS & BALDWIN,

18 Hanover Street, Baltimore,

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF

COTTON YARNS, SHEETINGS,

OSNABURGS AND COTTON.

Sept. 1867—3m*

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

CANFIELD, BRO. & CO.,

229 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Gold and Silevr Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Stones, Fine Jewelry

Of the greatest variety and newest styles.

ELEGANT SILVER WARE.

Fine Silver-Plated Ware of the best quality,

Including an assortment of the GORHAM COMPANY'S Superior Nickle Plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Waiters, Casters, Baskets, Butter Stands, Pickle Stands, Forks, Spoons, &c., &c.

Paris Clocks, Bronzes and rich Fancy Goods.

Trans. Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Perfumery, Soaps, &c.

MILITARY GOODS.

PURCHASERS CAN RELY UPON GOODS BEING AS REPRESENTED.

Sept. 1867—3m*

A. CATE & CO.,

LUMBER YARD,

AND

PLANING MILL,

Cor. E. Falls Avenue and Fawn Street,

Baltimore, Md.

C. CATE, - - - - - - - - E. B. HUNTING.

Sept. 1867—3m*

WATCHES, JEWELRY & SILVERWARE,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, BY

Larmour & Co., Light-St.

Chronometer Watches, Timing Watches, Stem-Winding Watches, Heavy Silver Watches, Diamond Jewelry, Pearl Jewelry, Coral Jewelry, Other styles of Jewelry, Chain and Band Bracelets, Studs and Sleeve-Buttons, Wedding Rings, Gents Gold Chains, Solid Silver-ware, Plated Ware, Wedding Presents, Ladies' Gold Chains, Gents' Gold Chains, Solid Silver-ware, Plated Tea Sets, Waiters and Casters, Forks, Spoons and Knives, Rogers' Table Cutlery, Clocks and Opera-Glasses, Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, Gold Pens and Pencils.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired at short Notice.

Sept. 1867—6m*

GEO. W. WEBB & CO.,

CORNER BALTIMORE AND LIGHT STREETS.

Importers of Diamonds.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Jewelry and Silver Ware.

Agents for the celebrated Patrick Phillippe & Co's., Watches.

Sept. 1867—3m*

HENRY JAMES & CO.,

CITY BLOCK, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.,

Manufacturers and dealers in

WHITE PINE,

Framing Timber, Docking and Ship Plank.

Wholesale and Retail.

Sept. 1867—3m*

ESTABLISHED, 1817.

SAMUEL KIRK & SONS,

NO. 172 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,

Manufacturers of

Elegant Silver Ware, Silver Sets, Spoons and Forks, Bridal Presents, Diamonds, Pearls, Ladies' Watches, Chains, Plated Ice Pitchers, Plated Sets,

FOR SALE AT NO. 172 BALTIMORE STREET.

Sept. 1867—6m*

BALTIMORE STEAM SUGAR REFINERY,

Lombard and Concord-Sts.

and Jones' Falls.

WOODS, WEEKS & CO.,

Baltimore, Md.

Sept. 1867—m6*

NOAH WALKER & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CLOTHIERS,

WASHINGTON BUILDING, 165 and 167 W. BALTIMORE-ST.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Supply ready-made, and ordered work to all parts of the country promptly by Express.

Keep always on hand a large and well assorted stock of

CLOTHING.

Directions for Measuring

Sent upon application, with samples of GOODS.

Sept. 1867—1yr*

JAMES M. ANDERSON & SON,

ENGRAVERS STATIONERS,

AND DEALERS IN FANCY GOODS,

148 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards,
English and French Stationery,
Envelopes and Fancy Goods.

WEDDING & VISITING CARDS IN NEWEST STYLES.

MONOGRAMS, CRESTS AND INITIALS TO ORDER AND STAMPED IN COLORS OR PLAIN. BOOKS OF HERALDRY KEPT FOR REFERENCE.

Sept. 1867—3m*

Patapsco Guano Company's

AMMONIATED SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE, FOR, COTTON, TOBACCO, GRAIN, GRASSES, &c., IT HAS NO SUPERIOR.

NEALE, HARRIS & CO., Gen'l. Agents,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFER TO

Col. R. R. Bridgers, Tarboro, N. C. R. H. Smith, Esq., Scotland Neck, N. C
Col. J. L. Bridgers, " " Dr. W. J. Hawkins, Ridgeway, N. C.,
And to all who have used the Guano. Sept 1867—1yr*

WILLIAM WILKINS. H. H. GRACE.

WILLIAM WILKINS & CO.,

Steam Curled Hair and Bristle Manufacturers.

DEALERS IN

Hair-Cloth, Damask, Plush and Upholsterers, &c.

Cabinet and Coachmaker's Materials in General.

Corner of Pratt and Charles-St., BALTIMORE, MD.

217 Pearl Street. NEW-YORK.

Sept 1867—3t*

THE

Baltimore & Havana Steamship Company.

This Line comprises the following First-Class Steamships:

LIBERTY, 1,250 Tons, Thos. A. Bain, Commander;
CUBA, 1,100 Tons, J. M. Dukehart, Commander;

Which are despatched every fortnight, alternately, from Brown's Wharf, Fell's Point, Baltimore, to Havana and New Orleans, calling at Key West, carrying the U. S. Mail.

HENRY M. WARFIELD & CO., AGENTS,
No. 16 SPEAR'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 1867—3m*

GADDESS BROS.,

SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. GADDESS,

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

Corner of Sharp and German Sts., Baltimore.

Monuments, Tombs and Head Stones of American and Italian Marble of Original Design, always on hand.

Sept 1867—3m*

JOHN W. JENKINS.

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & HATS,

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF CITY WORK,

No. 275 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Sept 1867—3m*

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND,
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

THE SIXTIETH SESSION of the SCHOOL OF MEDICINE in the University of Maryland, will commence on MONDAY, the 14th October, 1867, and will end on the 1st March, 1868.

FACULTY OF PHYSIC.

NATHAN R. SMITH, M. D., Professor of Surgery.

W. E. A. AIKEN, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.

GEORGE W. MILTENBERGER, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics.

RICHARD McSHERRY, M. D., Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine.

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON, M. D., Professor of General, Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy.

SAMUEL C. CHEW, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

FRANK DONALDSON, M. D., Professor of Physiology, Hygiene and General Pathology.

WM. T. HOWARD, M. D. Professor of the Diseases of Women and Children.

JAMES H. BUTLER, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Adjunct to the Professor of Anatomy.

The fees for the full course are $120; for Matriculation $5; for Practical Anatomy $10.

The UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, commonly known as the BALTIMORE INFIRMARY, is attached to the College, and is under the exclusive control of the Faculty. It is an admirable school for Clinical instruction in Medicine and Surgery. Lectures are given not only during the Session, but during the entire year, by the various Professors at the bedside, and Students have access to the Wards, at all times, without any additional charge. Inasmuch as it is also the Seaman's Hospital of the Port of Baltimore, Students may here observe the diseases brought from various parts of the world, as well as indigenous diseases in the civil Wards.

There are now established other Hospitals and Dispensaries in the City, where clinical instruction is given, all of which are open to the Classes of the University.

The Regular Summer Course of Didactic and Clinical Lectures will be commenced shortly after the termination of the Winter Session, by gentlemen who are adjuncts to the members of the Faculty and others.

Persons desiring further information may obtain circulars by making application to the Dean or any member of the Faculty.

GEO. W. MILTENBERGER, Dean.

Oct 1867—1m

THE PRACTICAL
BUSINESS COLLEGE,

FOUNDED IN 1852. CHARTERED IN 1854.

Every young man desirous to obtain a thorough Practical Business Education, should attend the old established and regularly chartered

Practical Business College and National Telegraphic Institute,

CORNER OF BALTIMORE AND CHARLES STREETS,

Baltimore, Maryland.

The only Chartered, the most extensive and the LEADING BUSINESS COLLEGE OF BALTIMORE.

We can assure young men that this is decidedly

THE BEST BUSINESS COLLEGE IN THE CITY OF BALTIMORE,

And not surpassed in the United States.

For Terms of Tuition and full particulars, write for our large Illustrated College Journal, which will be sent by return mail free of charge, with samples of Money, Commercial and Business Papers, and Beautiful Specimens of Spencerian Penmanship.—Address,

E. K. LOSIER, Principal.

Oct 1867—3m*] BALTIMORE, MD.

WILLIAM DEVRIES & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

312 W. Baltimore St.,

Between Howard and Liberty,

BALTIMORE, MD.

William Devries,
Christian Devries, of S.
William R. Devries,
Solomon Kimmel,
G. Ephraim Ducker.
Oct. 1867—6t*

MARYLAND

STEAM SUGAR REFINING COMPANY.

F. W. BRUNE & SONS, AGENTS,

O'DONNELL'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

Oct 1867—3m*

JOS. GEGAN, JR., W. H. GEGAN.

GEGAN BROTHERS,

General Insurance Agents, Fire, Life, Marine & Inland.

Aggregate Capital Represented, Twenty-five Millions!

73 AND 75 SECOND STREET, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Oct 1867—3m*

CHARLES M. STIEFF,

MANUFACTURER OF

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANO-FORTES, WITH THE A-GRAFFE TREBLE,

Factories, 84 and 86 Camden-St., and 45 and 47 Perry-St.

Office and Warerooms, 7 N. Liberty-St., above Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES:—Gen. R. E. Lee, Va., Gen. Rob't. Ransom, N. C., Bishop Wilmer, La., Rev. Mr. Phillips, Staunton, Va., Rev. C. B. Riddick, N. C. [Oct 1867—3m*

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

THE following extracts are from the testimony, taken under oath, in a recent case pending before the United States Patent Office, upon the actual merits of the Grover & Baker Sewing machine, and its relative merits as compared with other machines:

Mrs. Dr. McCready says:—"I have used, for nine years, a Grover & Baker Machine, and upon it I have done all kinds of family sewing for the house, for my children and husband, besides a great deal of fancy work, as braiding, quilting, and embroidering. During all that time my machine has never needed repair, except when I had the tension altered, and it is as good now as it was the first day I bought it."

* * * * * * *

"I am acquainted with the work of all the principal machines, including Wheeler & Wilson's, Finkle & Lyon's, Wilcox & Gibbs', Ladd & Webster's, the Florence machines, and Sloat's machines, besides a number of ten dollar ones; and I prefer the Grover and Baker to them all, because I consider the stitch more elastic. I have work now in the house which was done nine years ago, which is still good; and I have never found any of my friends who have used the other machines able to say the same thing."

Mrs. Andrews testifies:—"I prefer it to all other machines I have known anything about, for the ease and simplicity with which it operates and is managed; for the perfect elasticity of the stitch; the ease with which the work can be ripped, if desired, and still retain its strength when the thread is cut, or accidently broken; its adaptation to different kinds of work, from fine to coarse, without change of needle or tension."

Mrs. Maria J. Keane, of the house of Natalie Tillman & Co., says:—"Our customers all prefer the Grover & Baker Machine, for durability and beauty of stitch."

Mrs. Jennie C. Croly ("Jenny June") says:—"I prefer it to any machine. I like the Grover & Baker Machine in the first place, because if I had any other I should still want a Grover & Baker; and having a Grover and Baker, it answers the purpose of all the rest. It does a great variety of work, and it is easier to learn than any other. I like the stitch because of its beauty and strength, and because, although it can be taken out, it don't rip, not even by cutting every other stitch."

Over one hundred other witnesses in the case above referred to testified to the superiorty of the Grover & Baker Machine in the points named in substantially the same language, and thousands of letters have been received from all parts of the world, stating the same facts,

GROVER AND BAKER S. M. COMPANY,

Oct.—3t* 181 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

HENRY E. PEYTON. POWHATAN B. STARKE.

PEYTON & STARKE,

General Insurance Agents and Brokers,

NO. 67 SECOND STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

AUTHORIZED REFERENCES:

Wm. Devries & Co., Henry M. Warfield & Co., Baker Brothers & Co., Daniel Miller & Co., Hodges Brothers, Hull, Atkinson & Co., D. J. Foley, Bro. & Co., Armstrong, Cator & Co., Woodward, Baldwin & Co., F. B. Loney & Co.

Every kind of Insurance effected in the most reliable companies. This can be accomplished by correspondence with our office, as well as by personal application. Oct 1867—3m*

HUGH SISSON,

STEAM MARBLE WORKS.

Monuments, Tombs, Mantels, Furniture Slabs, Tiles, &c.,

CORNER OF NORTH AND MONUMENT STREETS,

Oct 1867—3m*] BALTIMORE, MD.

HUGH BOLTON & CO.,

ESTABLISHED 1798,

81 & 83 McELDERRY'S WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Glass, Oils, Paints and Naval Stores, Alcohol, Linseed and Boiled Oils;

Ethereal, Camphene, Lard, Neatsfoot, Machine and Signal Oils; Copal, Japan, Bright, Ship, Black, Paraffine, Heddle and Iron Varnishes; Verdigris,

White Lead, Spirits Turpentine, Axle Grease,

Lackers for Oyster and Fruit Cans, Concentrated Lye, White Zinc, Oakum, Brushes, Putty, Benzine, Rosin, Pitch, Tar, Ship Scrapers, &c.

Oct 1867—3m*

JOHN W. BRUFF & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

NO. 245 BALTIMORE STREET, BETWEEN CHARLES AND HANOVER STS.,

Baltimore, Maryland.

JOHN W. BRUFF, } { JOS. E. BRUFF,
JOHN W. BAKER, } { A. B. FAULKNER.

Oct 1867—3m*

GEORGE W. JOHNSON & CO.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

AND DEALERS IN

GROCERS' DRUGS,

Perfumery, Spices, Dye Stuffs, &c., Paints, Oils and Glass,
sold at Manufacturers' Prices,

No. 2 South Howard-St,

Oct 1867—3m*] BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

SISCO BROS.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MANUFACTURERS OF

ODD-FELLOWS' & MASONS' REGALIA.

NO. 14 N. CHARLES-ST., COR. OF FAYETTE,

Baltimore, Maryland.

Oct 1867—3m*

ROBERT RENWICK & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CABINET FURNITURE,

SPRING AND HAIR MATTRESSES,

NO. 92 NORTH HOWARD STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Looking Glasses, Mirrors, Frames, Cornices, Engravings, &c., &c., &c.

Oct 1867—3m*

GILMOR HOUSE,

MONUMENT SQUARE,

Baltimore, Maryland,

KIRKLAND & CO., Proprietors.

Oct 1867—3m*

DAVIDSON COLLEGE,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY, N. C.,

(Twenty miles from Charlotte, N. C.,)

UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE PRESBYTERIES OF

BETHEL, CONCORD, AND FAYETTEVILLE.

The 60th SESSION of this College opened September 28, 1866. This Institution is probably the best endowed of all our Southern Colleges, and contains the largest building for the accommodation of Students. The locality is remarkably healthy. Founded in the prayers of the Presbyterian Church, the College has been blessed in sending forth many pious young men and in furnishing our Theological Seminaries with many Students.

FACULTY:

Rev. G. W. McPHAIL, D. D., PRESIDENT,
Professor of Moral Philosophy, Evidences of Christianity, and Political Economy.

Rev. E. F. ROCKWELL, M. A.,
Professor of Latin, and Modern History.

J. R. BLAKE, M. A.,
Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology.

A. McIVER, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

Rev. J. M. ANDERSON, M. A.,
Professor of Mental Philosophy and Belles-Lettres.

W. G. RICHARDSON, M. A.,
Professor of Greek and Modern Languages.

Tuition, $15 for each term of three months. Room-rent, servants' hire, &c., $10, for the same period.—Board at the Steward's Hall $14. The above charges are in currency. The use of the Scholarship is so far restored as to be available for the immediate family of the owner.

November, 1866. 1 y

ROCK ISLAND
MANUFACTURING CO,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

If you wish to supply yourselves for the

FALL AND WINTER TRADE,

with the very best description and styles of all wool

CASSIMERES,

and with the most durable

JEANS & KERSEY FABRICS,

all free from Shoddy and other impurities, order Samples from the subscriber, and they will be forwarded, with prices attached. From these

SAMPLES

you can make your selections and return your orders, and the goods will be forwarded

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY.

JOHN A. YOUNG, President,

Oct 1867—1t] CHARLOTTE, N. C.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

MAIN STREET, BETWEEN FRONT AND SECOND,

CINCINNATI.

W. A. THURSTON,

(LATE OF KENTUCKY,)

PROPRIETOR.

Only one square from the Great Suspension Bridge.

Oct 1866—2t*

Charlotte Female Institute.

A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, delightfully situated in a retired and pleasant portion of the City of Charlotte, N. C.

Officers and Instructors.

Rev. R. BURWELL, Principal and Instructor in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Mathematics.

J. B. BURWELL, A.M., Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Ancient Languages.

Prof. A. BAUMANN, Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Prof. R. E. PIGUET, Drawing, Painting, and Modern Languages.

Mrs. M. A. BURWELL, English Branches, and Superintendent of Social Duties.

Mrs. SALLY C. WHITE, English Branches.

Miss MARY PENICK, Music on Piano and Guitar.

Miss MARY BATTE, English Branches.

The Session consists of two terms of twenty weeks each, the one commencing the 1st of October, and the other the 15th of February.

EXPENSES PER TERM OF TWENTY WEEKS.

Board, with every expense except washing,	$105 00
Tuition, in Collegiate Department,	25 00
" " Primary Department,	20 00

Music, Ancient and Modern Languages, Drawing and Painting, extra, at usual charges. For Circular and Catalogue, address,

Rev. R. BURWELL & SON, Charlotte, N. C.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

Manufacturers of Grand, square & upright

PIANO FORTES.

Warerooms, No. 350 West Baltimore-Street, near Eutaw, Baltimore, Maryland.

These Instruments have been before the Public for nearly Thirty years, and upon their excellence alone attained *an unparchased pre-eminence*, which pronounces them unequaled. Their **TONE** combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as great purity of Intonation, and evenness throughout the entire scale. Their **TOUCH** is pliant and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in many Pianos. In **WORKMANSHIP** they are unexcelled, using none but the very best **seasoned material**, the large capital employed in our business enabling us to keep continually an immense stock of lumber, &c., on hand. ☞ All our **Square Pianos** have our New Improved Overstrung scale and the **A-graffe Treble.** ☜ We would call especial attention to our late improvements in

Grand Pianos and Square Grands, Patented August 14, 1866,

Which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano fully Warranted for Five Years.

Sole Wholesale Agency for CARHART & NEEDHAM'S Celebrated Parlor Organs and Church Harmoniums.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

Sept. 1867—6m*] **No. 350 West Baltimore Street, near Eutaw, Baltimore.**

TYSON, TRUMP & CO.,

Manufacturers of, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in, Fine Silver Plated Goods,

NO. 61 N. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

WE would invite the attention of the Southern Public to our choice assortment of Rich and Elegant

Silver Plated Ware of latest Silver Patterns, on Albata, Nickel, Silver and White Metal.

All our Electro-Plating being done by us exclusively, we can assure those purchasing of us, of obtaining in all cases, the amount of Silver represented to be on each article, and at as low rates, as first-class goods of Northern Manufacture. We name in part, TRIPLE-PLATED Tea Sets, Ice Pitchers and Coffee Urns, Communion Sets, Oyster and Soup Tureens, Casters, Waiters, Cake and Card Baskets, Butter Coolers, Vases, Vegetable and Fruit Dishes, Egg Boilers, Pickle, Wine and Celery Stands, Napkin Rings, Pie, Ice Cream, Fish and Cake Knives, Crumb Scrapers, Pearl, Ivory and Metal handle Knives, Dinner and Desert Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, &c., &c.

PHOTOGRAPHS,

With prices annexed, of any of our *leading articles, sent by mail* to persons wishing to purchase, and upon receipt of their order, such goods as selected, will be forwarded *per Express C. O. D.*

Ware of all kinds Replated in the best manner.

Extra-heavy goods, for Hotels and Steamers, made to order at extra cost of Metal.

Address, **TYSON, TRUMP & CO.,**

Sept. 1867—3m*] 61 N. CHARLES-ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE II. VOLUME of the **Land We Love**, handsomely bound in library style (half calf) can be had on application to the Publishers. Price, $2 per Volume. HILL, IRWIN & CO.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

BUSINESS LETTERS should be addressed to HILL, IRWIN & Co., Charlotte, N. C. The Editor cannot possibly attend to them.

Authentic facts and anecdotes of the war are requested.

Hereafter no names will be entered on our Subscription books unless accompanied by Cash, or the receipt of one of our Agents.

Funds at our risk must be remitted by Check, Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letters. Sums of Ten Dollars and over, when Checks cannot be procured, may be sent by Express at our expense. *Charlotte is a P. O. Money Order Office.*

Advertising will be done at the usual magazine rates.

TERMS.--THREE DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Each club of ten new cash subscribers will be furnished with one extra copy, and in the same proportion to larger numbers.

News Dealers furnished at twenty cents per copy.

*** *Specimen copies twenty-five cents each.*

AGENTS FOR "THE LAND WE LOVE."

Messrs. Tiddy & Bro., Charlotte,	N. C.	H. C. CLARK, Vicksburg,	Miss.
Drury Lacy, Jr., Wilmington,	"	KENNEDY & COCKRELL, Natchez,	"
Capt. G. M. Whiting, Raleigh,	"	Major A. M. HAWKEN, Jackson,	"
J. D. Williams, Fayetteville,	"	Col. A. P. HILL, Canton,	"
John Q. Etheridge, Elizabeth City,	"	OSCAR T. KEELER, Columbus,	"
D. Pender & Co., Tarboro,	"	JAMES A. GRESHAM, New-Orleans,	La.
Rev. S. C. Alexander, Black River [Chapel,	"	HYAMS & KENNEDY, Shreveport,	"
		WILSON G. LOYD, Loyd's Bridge,	"
W. A. Caldwell, Greensboro,	"	M. J. MASSIE, Houston,	Texas.
F. L. Roberts, Edenton,	"	Frank Matthews, Austin,	"
W. H. Piver & Sons, Beaufort,	"	G. M. MOORING, Anderson,	"
Dr. J. A. Mayes, Mayesville,	S. C.	D. J. RANDOLPH, Huntsville,	"
Duffie & Chapman, Columbia,	"	HIGHTOWER, BAKER & Co.,	"
Dr. S. H. Pressley, Society Hill,	"	Capt. W. B. MITCHELL, Memphis,	Tenn.
Major Jos. Abney, Edgefield,	"	*J. R. Osborn*, Pulaski,	"
Gen. Jas. F. Pressley, Kingstree,	"	L. P. BRIGHT, Fayetteville,	"
Dr. T. P. Bailey, Georgetown,	"	A. SETLIFF, Nashville,	"
A. L. Alexander, Washington,	Ga.	M. MUNFORD, Covington,	"
Phillips & Crew, Atlanta,	"	Dr. T. A. CURRIE, Danceyville,	"
Estill & Bro., Savannah,	"	W. Scott GLORE, Louisville,	Ky.
H. T. Brawner, Griffin,	"	*D. T. & J. B. Morton*, Lexington,	"
Elbert Fugan, Fort Valley,	"	THOMAS MORELAND, Owensboro,	"
S. P. Davis, Albany,	"	L. W. LONG, Morganfield,	"
Frank McIntosh, Lake City,	Fla.	PHILO. H. HILLYER, Henderson,	"
Jno. DuBose, Tallahassee,	"	J. N. OUTTEN, Caseyville,	"
F. W. Fuckler, Huntsville,	Ala.	DR. ARCHIBALD YOUNG, Columbia,	Mo.
W. J. Brannon & Bro., Eufaula,	"	Col. MATT. R. CULLEN, St. Louis,	Mo.
Rev. J. M. P. Otts, Greensboro,	"	Dr. S. T. BASSETT, Richmond,	"
M. H. Woite, Baltimore,	Md.	A. M. SAXTON, St. Joseph,	"
John L. Stam, Chestertown,	"	DR. A. J. THOMAS, Vincennes,	Ind.
Thomas Anderson, Rockville,	"	L. J. MCCORMICK, Chicago,	Ill.
John E. Reardon, Little Rock,	Ark.	G. WALKER HERDMAN, Jerseyville,	"
Dr. J. C. Gee, Augusta,	"	Dr. WM. G. WILSON, Shelbyville,	"
Col. E. M. Featherstone, 43 Broadway Cincinnati, Ohio		*H. Challen*, 1308, Chestnut st., Phil.	Pa.
		J. WALL TURNER, Richmond,	Va.
C. C. Reed, 80, Front Street,	N. Y.	ARTHUR W. HAWKS, Charlestown,	"
W. E. Loomis, San Francisco,	Cal.	JOHN N. BELL, Winchester,	"
California and Pacific News Co., New [York, Agents for Pacific coast.		W. M. KENNEDY, Parkersburg,	West-Va.
		C. H. QUIMBY, Wheeling,	"